

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3755. Vol. 144.

15 October 1927

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

6d

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 493

LEADING ARTICLES:

The Government's Task ... 496

More Surrey Saharas? ... 497

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

Lord Northcliffe ... 498

In the Louvre. By Ernest

Dimnet ... 498

Hoffman's Drops ... 499

Mrs. Markham on Monkeys.

By Hilaire Belloc ... 500

La Divina Pastora. By C. L. R.

James ... 501

Modes. By J. B. Priestley ... 502

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 504

P's AND Q's ... 507

THE THEATRE:

Moods and Markets. By Ivor

Brown ... 507

ART:

The Tragedy of Van Gogh. By

Anthony Bertram ... 508

MUSIC:

New Gramophone Records ... 509

LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

Set by Dyneley Hussey ... 509

VERSE:

Homecoming. By Edward

Davison ... 510

BACK NUMBERS—XLV ... 511

REVIEWS:

The Autumn Garden. By

Edward Shanks ... 512

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson 513

Speeches by the Earl of Oxford 513

The Correspondence of King

George III ... 514

REVIEWS—continued

The World in the Making ... 515

Now We Are Six ... 515

Marco Millions ... 516

The Macropulos Secret ... 516

Gems and Life ... 516

NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley

Mr. Balcony ... 517

Lord of Himself ... 517

New Wine ... 517

Simple Stories ... 517

SHORTER NOTICES ... 518

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE 520

MOTORING. By H. Thornton

Rutter ... 522

CITY NOTES ... 528

ACROSTICS ... 530

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3157.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Bulgarian-Jugoslav situation is, if not quite so serious as some continental papers suggest, considerably more serious than the British public as a whole realizes, and the Foreign Office is watching events with considerable uneasiness. There is one very satisfactory feature, however, and that is that the murder on Yugoslav territory of a popular Yugoslav general by members of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization has not led to an immediate resort to arms. Far less important events in the past have resulted in war, and we can only conclude that the lesson given to Greece in 1925, when the League of Nations Council intervened with such decision in the Greco-Bulgarian frontier dispute, has been well learned by other Balkan Powers. There is still some hope that the action of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization has not destroyed all chances of a Yugoslav-Bulgarian *rapprochement*, which could do more than anything else to bring lasting peace to the Balkans.

The danger of the situation lies in the fact that Belgrade has, very naturally, demanded of Sofia the final break-up of the Revolutionary Organization. The Bulgarian Prime Minister, M. Liapt-

cheff, has promised to do his best, and undoubtedly his hand is strengthened by the fact that the League of Nations refugee settlement loan has turned many potential *komitajis* into hardworking and relatively contented farmers. But M. Stambulisky's efforts to destroy the power of the Macedonian Organization quickly led to his assassination, and it is difficult to see how the Bulgarian Government, with the assistance of a force of 30,000 men, many of whom are themselves Macedonian refugees, can destroy a band whose activities have brought war to the Balkans in the past, and whose continued existence is an impediment to an understanding between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, which Italy, for one, would obviously like to hinder.

The Irish people are famous for not being over-considerate of patriotic leaders who are not dead. They have made unnecessary difficulties for every leader in turn, but they can hardly have done worse for any than they have done for Mr. Cosgrave in giving him a majority of six. He might have been, he probably would have been, happy and prosperous in opposition for a couple of years. His opponents would have given him every opportunity to shine that a politician could possibly desire. If, on the other hand, he had

Efficiency first

Write or call for descriptive folder
S.R. 100 Gracechurch Street, E.C.3

Remington

BOOK-KEEPING MACHINES & TYPEWRITERS

had a reasonably dependable majority (fifteen or twenty might have been enough) he might have continued that settlement of Southern Ireland which is so obviously the work for which he is intended. But he is poised between the two. He will no doubt continue with the work that is his plain duty. But that work is in itself heavy enough even if the workman were not burdened with the business of maintaining a precarious majority in the Dail. It means an enormous amount of sheer waste of time and temper, and Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues will need all of both that they can muster if they are to carry their unfinished task to its end.

It need not, however, be supposed that the country is not really behind them in their efforts. One might say, perhaps a little unjustly, that the Irish people has grown so used to voting against the Government as a matter of course that it goes on in the habit even when the Government is its own. There is some injustice in this, but there is also some truth. The instinct of protest, when it has been long cultivated, is not easily subdued. But Ireland realizes in its heart that Mr. Cosgrave is the one man at present who has any chance of carrying out a sane policy. The only other party with a hope of securing control is Mr. De Valera's, and Mr. De Valera's policy, where it is comprehensible, is not reasonable. It is full of contradictions, and it makes promises which are fatally accused by their own wildness and vagueness. This means, in the long run, that Mr. Cosgrave's mount is inclined to "play him up" as much as possible, but has not the slightest intention of throwing him. It seems unlikely that anything but some mistake of his own can get him out of the saddle.

Nothing could better illustrate the danger of Sir Austen Chamberlain's private interviews with European statesmen than the divergent versions of the discussion at Majorca which have been given by the Foreign Secretary himself and by General Primo de Rivera in an interview published in a Sunday paper. According to Sir Austen Chamberlain, he suggested that Great Britain could not usefully intervene in the Tangier question until France and Spain had themselves reached an agreement. According to the Spanish Dictator, however, not only was British mediation between these two countries offered, but a definite Anglo-Spanish entente was foreshadowed, and the possibility of a complete withdrawal of Spanish troops from Africa was discussed. The Foreign Office has let it be known that "many of the statements attributed to the Spanish Dictator are purely due to misunderstanding or mistranslation." Be this as it may, the continental Press is now busily asking itself what is the compromise which Sir Austen may arrange to enable Spain to relinquish possessions to another Power and, in particular, what Power the Foreign Secretary has in view. The Foreign Office must hear of these secret interviews with considerable uneasiness.

Two interesting volumes of Foreign Office documents dealing with the period between 1898 and 1904 have just been published, and we refer to them here because they show so convincingly

how the British Government was driven to take more and more interest in European affairs in the years immediately preceding the Great War, and, similarly, how fatuous it is for people nowadays to maintain that Great Britain need have nothing to do with Europe. The truth is that we have not gone to Europe, but that Europe has come to us. The British people built up a great Empire across the seas while countries on the Continent were, with few exceptions, quite uninterested in colonial possessions. It is only recently that these European Powers have spread into Africa, Asia and elsewhere, and have thereby compelled us to pay an attention to their general policies which would have been quite unnecessary in the nineteenth century. Now, even more than during the period dealt with in these volumes, our prosperity depends on peace; and, even more than during the years preceding the war, a policy of isolation is an impossibility.

The latest development in the negotiations between France and the United States for a commercial agreement is a conciliatory note from Washington. This is not surprising, since France's imports from the United States are so much greater than her exports to that country. She, therefore, has a great deal to bargain with. The result of the negotiations will not affect France alone, for no fewer than thirteen countries are at present discussing treaties of commerce with the United States, and, since the United States has erected the most formidable customs barrier in the world, she can hardly expect these other countries to grant most-favoured-nation treatment. American goods are, therefore, likely to be pushed more and more out of the European market. In other words, the Fordney tariff and the Republican Party are excluding European goods from America, but they are also welding Europe into an economic whole which will sooner or later compel Congress to knock down its own stupendous tariff walls.

When M. Rakovsky in August signed a manifesto in favour of agitation to overthrow all capitalist governments it became clear that French public opinion would not agree to his remaining as Soviet Ambassador in Paris. But it has needed several steps before the French Government sent a definite memorandum to M. Tchitcherin, demanding M. Rakovsky's recall. Gentle hints to M. Rakovsky that he should resign have been without avail, and M. Tchitcherin is probably as little anxious to have M. Rakovsky in Moscow as that gentleman is himself anxious to leave Paris. Furthermore, since all possible ambassadors are tarred with the same brush, it would be difficult to find a successor for the Paris post. This does not, however, mean that a breach between Paris and Moscow is probable. On the contrary, there is a real possibility of a settlement of the debt question, and negotiations on this point will probably be continued by M. Herbet, the French Ambassador to the Soviet Government.

By repressive measures of almost unexampled brutality President Calles appears to have crushed the Mexican rebellion and, since nearly all his

would-be rivals have been shot, there is a fair prospect that Mexico will now enjoy a period of relative tranquillity. It is commonly, but perhaps inaccurately, reported that United States business interests have strongly supported the revolutionaries. If they no longer have anyone to support them, they may reconcile themselves to the acceptance of the Mexican land and other restrictive laws, as the business men of other countries have done. Certainly the new American diplomatic envoy, Mr. Dwight Morrow, will have nothing to do with the rather curious interferences in Mexican domestic affairs by American citizens which his predecessor allowed, and even encouraged.

Lord Lee of Fareham is justified in his pungent expression of impatience at the time taken in dealing with the recommendations of the Commission on London Bridges, of which he was chairman, and which reported with commendable promptitude. The defence of delay, or rather, the denial that there has been delay, which appears in the London correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian*, is ill-founded. The Commission reported in November last. It was not till March that the Government announced its willingness to bear three-quarters of the cost of carrying out the Commission's proposals regarding Waterloo Bridge, adding that the preservation of that bridge involved the provision of further facilities for cross-river traffic at Charing Cross. The County Council was not prepared to begin work at Waterloo Bridge till the Charing Cross scheme had been worked out. The committee charged with technical investigation proved, as Mr. D. S. MacColl showed in these pages last month, to be no such body as was expected, since the Southern Railway's engineer was on it only in a consultative capacity, and the authority that was to check the Council's engineer turned out to be the firm which had supported the Council's scheme for pulling down Waterloo Bridge. There has been delay; but worse than that, there has been no such committee as was required; and the only work initiated has been on a costly and rather futile new Lambeth Bridge. How such delay, muddle and waste can find defenders passes our comprehension.

There are some signs of comfort in the latest returns from two important industries. Both coal and ship-building are "up." Coal has, for the first quarter of the year, turned a deficit of four millions odd (leaving, of course, the subsidy out of account) into a profit of four millions odd. The amount of tonnage under construction shows a very considerable increase. These things should be enough, if anything were needed, to keep us going without the discouragement that cripples all effort. But more increase of profit (more especially when, as in the coal industry, it is based on a settlement that no one can consider satisfactory) should not be enough to make us complacent. These things fluctuate, and we should look at the questions involved as a whole, rather than at the results of one particular year or part of a year. It is fatal to allow ourselves to be discouraged, it is equally fatal to allow ourselves to become optimistic without due reason; and what may satisfy a Government which wants

to find excuses for next year's taxes will not necessarily satisfy those who take long views. We are not out of the wood yet, and there is much still to be done, which can be done, for the encouragement of industry.

There is a chance—we fear we must not say, a likelihood—of settlement of the bitter South African flag controversy. Mr. Roos, the Minister of Justice, has intimated that the Government are prepared to consider at an early date and in a friendly spirit the amendments to the Flag Bill made by the Senate. This means that, the Union Jack remaining the flag of South Africa in its relation to the Empire, the South African flag may quarter the Union Jack on a shield exhibiting the Vierkleur, the Orange Free State flag, and symbols of the Union. To us here such a compromise may seem reasonable enough, but race passion has been inflamed to such a degree in this unhappy business that the prospects of any concession by any party to the dispute cannot be rated high. Failing settlement, there will be a referendum, in preparation for which certain British and Boer hot-heads will go to the most mischievous extremes in reciprocal accusation, and South Africa, instead of attending to very grave issues in its native policy and in economic matters, will be torn by race hatred. A speedy composition of the dispute, even though it be on some theoretically questionable basis, is devoutly to be desired.

Every year the Motor Show has its surprises—greater conveniences and lower prices. This year the rate of progress has been well maintained. The standard of efficiency goes steadily up: the price of an efficient car goes steadily down. We seem to be at any rate within sight of the time when every household in receipt of a living wage will regard the possession of a motor-car as being as much a matter of course as is now an adequate supply of water. We should, however, consider now what this will mean. Our roads were not laid out for any such volume of traffic and quite certainly cannot accommodate it. If the arrival of that moment is, as it seems, inevitable, we ought to begin discussing now what we are going to do about it. We are to-day debating traffic problems which should have been foreseen: the traffic problem which is coming will be infinitely more difficult to deal with.

Sir Rowland Blades did well in using one of the last days of his term of office for a dinner in honour of cricket. Cricket is the aristocrat of all popular games, just as printing is the aristocrat of the industries, for the reason that it came first. It has now powerful rivals, a fact which its devotees will lament. But there have not been signs of any falling off in its popularity. As recently as 1909 it was possible to proceed to Lord's after lunch to watch the Test Match for an hour or two. Last year a man who had a ticket for the Test Match went there religiously for the whole day and was an object of general envy. There may be, perhaps, some slightly unhealthy element in this feverish increase of interest. But it is not seriously harmful. The game is still both loved and played, and the dinner at the Mansion House was a worthy tribute from one English institution to another.

THE GOVERNMENT'S TASK

NO Government like to run to the end of their full legal term, and we may therefore expect the next general election to take place either in the late autumn of next year or at the beginning of 1929. If it were early in the autumn it would coincide with the holidays or with harvest time, and if it were deferred to the spring it would interfere with the financial arrangements of the Treasury. Thus we have only one more full session to look forward to in which to shape the issues before the electorate.

The Conference which was recently held at Cardiff was the last that will have any chance of influencing the Government's policy before the general election, and it is therefore of particular interest to observe what subjects were uppermost in the minds of the Conference members, most of whom must be presumed to be typical Conservatives. To judge by the debates at the Conference, the two subjects that are found most interesting are votes for young women and the reform of the House of Lords. On both subjects approving and hortatory resolutions were carried. On the first the Government have already made up their mind. They are bound by their pledges, but even if no pledges had been given their mind would be the same. The principle of abolishing sex disqualification having been conceded, no party can logically draw an artificial line excluding women from the franchise at an age when men are exercising it, and for a Conservative Government to risk leaving this reform to a possible rival successor would be to admit that it was the party of middle age, and distrustful of youth. Mr. Baldwin did well to remind us at Cardiff that no party could live that failed to attract youth to its ranks, and if his boast that "Conservatism is the party of youth" is not to be falsified, the Government are committed inevitably to this reform. So far from shirking their task, they propose to carry it through cheerfully and without delay.

The other task, of reforming the House of Lords, is much more difficult, and the Government must have found the resolution that was passed somewhat embarrassing. The truth is (and the Conference discussions showed it) that no one is really anxious to reform the House of Lords. The real grievance is the Parliament Act, and the reform of the Lords is only advocated as a screen behind which this work, believed to be necessary for the safety of the constitution, is to be done. We want guarantees against the abuse of executive power calling itself the will of the people, and the House of Lords is to be reformed only because without such reform the shackles imposed on its action by the Parliament Act cannot be struck off without offence to the spirit of democracy. Reform is the means to the end, not the end.

Now there are very few Conservatives, or Liberals either for that matter, who believe in the Parliament Act as a final settlement of the constitution. If the House of Commons were still discharging its primary function as the guardian of the public purse, its jealousy of any assistance from outside would be natural enough, but notoriously it is not. The growing subservience of the House to the Government of

the day is the great argument for a stronger and better House of Lords. Moreover, the existing safeguards are insufficient against an Executive driving through ill-considered and revolutionary changes under the guise of a Money Bill, and thus abrogating even the limited delays which the Parliament Act allows on other than financial legislation. The case of Lord Selborne and the other advocates of drastic reform would be unanswerable if these were ordinary times. But they are not. Despite the enthusiasm of the Conference, we doubt whether the time still remaining to the Government would be most usefully employed as they wish. In politics many things are desirable which are not expedient, and one has always to be on one's guard, lest, by pressing one change for which there is everything to be said in logic, one may imperil more than is protected and accelerate the danger which one is anxious to avert.

We refuse to believe that the country with so many other serious anxieties is worried about what a hypothetical Labour Government might do in certain eventualities; and for a Government to go to the country on an insurance against the consequences of their defeat is not a policy to inspire enthusiasm in the electorate. Moreover, as is so often pointed out, no safeguards will be adequate against an electorate which is bent on a revolution. The best defence is in the attack; and it is too soon for the Conservative Party to think of entrenching itself behind barbed wire entanglements in fixed fortifications. Far preferable is the field strategy which seeks out the political enemy and defeats him on his own ground. For these and other reasons we think that the Government would be wise to let the projects of constitutional reform simmer a little longer, and give their attention in the last session to making their position clearer on matters about which the country is more nearly and deeply interested. Later, when the Conservative Government has been returned to power after the next general election and their mandate is still fresh, the Parliament Act and reform of the House of Lords may be taken up again. For the present other matters are more urgent. Nor should the Government attach too much importance to the insistence of the Conference, for when all is said those who are loudest at party conferences are not quite typical members of the electorate.

National finance and the future of industry are both subjects which have a stronger claim on the last session of the Government. Economy in the sense in which it is advocated of cutting down the cost of services may be impracticable; only successful disarmament could produce reductions on a sufficiently large scale to make a serious difference in our Budgets. But if that be so, it is the more necessary for the Government to put the House of Commons in a better position to exercise control over the details of expenditure. Further, the Government might well in their next Budget give more serious attention than they have yet done to making the incidence of taxation more equitable. All parties neglect the middle classes because they are not organized, and underestimate their immense numbers and influence. The main lesson of the general strike is that what calls itself Labour was in a marked minority alike in numbers and in ability, and a

Government which seriously set themselves to the task of easing the strain for the middle classes would entrench themselves in power for half a generation.

The other great problem of our time is the future relations of capital and labour. The propaganda for Socialism cannot successfully be met by a mere negative. It must be opposed with constructive schemes that ensure to labour a juster reward for competence and hard work, and refute by concrete examples the Socialists' division of industry into two classes of capitalists and the proletariat. The "capitalist" system in fact can only in the long run be vindicated by making more and more capitalists, and giving every deserving man a chance of becoming a capitalist himself. How far a Government can contribute by legislation to these constructive schemes may be open to doubt, but they could encourage them by giving exemptions from taxation. And even if great progress could not be made in the time now remaining before the general election, it would be a great gain both to the prospects of the Party and of the country to demonstrate that the chimeras of Socialism and the present system with its manifold defects and injustices were not the sole alternatives.

MORE SURREY SAHARAS?

THE threatened raid of the War Office on the lovely stretch of Surrey common-land lying between Peper Harrow, Thursley, Hindhead, and Frensham has excited far more than a local indignation. The district, indeed, is fortunate in having influential inhabitants to lead the defence, but the deputation which was received at the War Office on Tuesday was voicing a national protest. Lord Crawford, who is president of the recently formed Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and Mr. R. C. Norman, vice-president of the National Trust, were two among many representatives of organizations which are fighting to keep what is left of our countryside. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans had formidable opposition to meet and his method of meeting it was utterly unsatisfactory.

The War Office case is that Aldershot must expand. The need for larger ranges and for scope for mechanical development is limiting the area available for "intermediate training." In the interests of economy new ground must be near ground; hence the desire to expand over Surrey. The answer to this is that the War Office is not considering in the least the urgent national problem of preserving open spaces where they are most wanted: they are certainly most wanted within the fifty mile radius from Charing Cross. Furthermore, it is as good as certain that ranges will grow larger and mechanical development increase: once the War Office has been allowed to annex 4,000 acres of Surrey its appetite will grow with what it feeds on and plentiful excuses will be found for continuing to plant hutments and tank-depots over the Home Counties. The question of military development must be regarded as the subordinate part of the whole national issue of the control of open spaces. If the War Office can simply seize what areas it chooses without consideration of

civilian rights and needs then the militarism which was supposed to have been destroyed nine years ago has merely changed its head-quarters.

It is true that Sir Laming spoke many smooth words and was lavish with pledges. But the more we examine his excuses and guarantees the more empty do they seem. In the first place he endeavours to set the War Office masquerading as a public benefactor because it will prevent the development by builders of the land adjoining the commons. It was alleged that these builders are preventing public access to the commons; we know much of this land and can affirm that there is no difficulty in finding access to the heather. Some worthy houses and some unworthy have been erected on the fringe of the menaced area; even the unworthiest is preferable to a repetition of the architecture of Aldershot or rows of huts.

With regard to the commons themselves one valuable pledge was given. No roads are to be built across them. But the offer to have trenches refilled and non-permanent buildings removed at the end of the summer training season only shows how little the War Office understands the spirit of the opposition. If during the summer this fine stretch of unspoiled country is to be scarred by trenches and dotted with temporary sheds it is ruined; nor will its winter aspect, with lines of bare earth where the trenches ran and the squalid patches where the sheds were placed, be any better. Finally, what could be more ridiculous than the suggestion that the tanks will not do much damage because they will only be little ones? It is further suggested that the commons may not be used more than they are used now with the permission of the various holders of manorial rights. In that event what is all the clamour about? Sir Laming's case ended in a riot of self-contradiction. He explained on the one hand that "he did not think they would use the commons more than they did to-day" and then he reserved the right to erect "non-permanent buildings" (which are not there now) and to manoeuvre tanks (also a novelty) which will, of course, do comparatively little harm because they will be small!

Mr. J. C. Squire, who has been doing splendid work in leading the effort to free Stonehenge and its surroundings from the old litter left by the military and the new litter created by civilians, has suggested a Royal Commission on Public Amenities. It is becoming more obvious every day that a national authority must be instituted to consider all claims for expansion over territory still unspoiled. If the War Office needs more ground, then it must submit to a national decision on where the ground shall be, instead of raiding common lands whose position happens to suit its own convenience. The creation of the "Aldershot Sahara" was a terrible blunder committed in an age of thoughtlessness, an age well described by the Prime Minister as "an age of anyhow." The "anyhow" spirit has become intolerable, and we must henceforward conserve our national resources of space and beauty on lines of definite policy. Such a policy would certainly not permit the creation of new Saharas in the lungs of great cities, and it would make it plain to the War Office that its new training grounds must be constructed in areas remote enough to be unwanted for the recreation and refreshment of the urban people.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

LIKE most men who count for anything, Lord Northcliffe possessed all the qualities of a daring and implacable enemy as well as those of a staunch and loyal friend. His enemies, and it is folly to assume he had none, were always ready to admit his extraordinary capabilities, administrative and executive, and the largeness of his generousities. His admirers, on the contrary, admit no other qualities of character than those which they find admirable. Lord Northcliffe was, in many respects, a great Englishman. His life offers a wealth of material which, if placed in the hands of a skilful biographer, could not fail to be entertaining to the elder, and stimulating to the younger, generation.

Two books about Lord Northcliffe have been published since his death: one by Mr. Max Pemberton, and now another, by Mr. R. McNair Wilson. Both writers adored their subject. Mr. Max Pemberton's close friendship with Lord Northcliffe began, as everybody knows, in boyhood. His book is frankly described as 'A Memoir,' and as such it is excellent in every way. Mr. McNair Wilson's book is entitled 'Lord Northcliffe—A Study.*' The work is divided into four "books" with somewhat "precious" subtitles: 'The Sowing,' 'The Growing,' 'The Reaping,' 'The Pathfinder.' There are fifty-one chapters with "intriguing" headings, such as 'Secrets,' 'Wanderlust,' 'The Light that Failed,' 'The Hurricane.'

We are entitled to imagine that in these pages we shall learn something of the real character of an extraordinary and fascinating personality. We do not. The chief fact that emerges from the first nine chapters is that young Alfred Harmsworth was very fond of bicycling. At the end of chapter three we are introduced to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, of whom in the first half of the book we hear more than we do of the journalist of whom the book professes to be 'A Study.'

In chapter five Mr. Chamberlain becomes "The Man of Birmingham." This phrase appears so frequently that it becomes irritating. (On one page it is repeated three times.) Lord Northcliffe himself enters the running with a capital M as "The Man with a Message." Mr. Chamberlain soon, however, becomes "Master of the British Empire," and Lord Northcliffe "The Man of the *Daily Mail*." (Lord Kitchener is, of course, "The Man of Khartoum.") The final capital M appears in this amazing sentence: "He [Lord Northcliffe] never tried to become 'The Man of *The Times*.'"

The book, from beginning to end, bristles with those quotations from Lord Northcliffe's speeches and writings with which we are all familiar, and with extracts from the speeches of "The Man of Birmingham." There are no fewer than a dozen quotations from Mr. Pemberton's book. There are many chapters, in fact, which give us the impression that we are actually reading 'The Memoir' and not 'The Study.'

Of Mr. Wilson's few interpretations of certain developments of Lord Northcliffe's newspapers, it is difficult to write. We are asked to believe, for instance, that the series of competitions inaugurated by the *Daily Mail*—the offer of prizes for sweet peas, for roses, the backing by that alert newspaper of the Garden City movement, the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, the Standard bread campaign, the egg-laying competition—we are asked to believe that these excellent newspaper "stunts" collectively, represented in Lord Northcliffe's mind "one of the two things necessary to defeat the German menace." When the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition was started, "it was part of the plan which Harmsworth had conceived for the awakening and forearming of his fellow countrymen."

* 'Lord Northcliffe—A Study.' By R. McNair Wilson. Benn. 15s.

What are we to say when we are asked to believe that "Northcliffe, in *The Times* office, was a working journalist, and he worked, to some extent, under the Editor"? In probing for the secret of Lord Northcliffe's greatness as a journalist and newspaper proprietor, Mr. Wilson does not convince us when he says that his eyes had in them "the light of the sea," nor when he quotes the Rev. W. E. Bentley of New York: "He is the creator of modern England." No. But Mr. Wilson does stumble upon the secret, though apparently he is unaware of it, when he refers to Lord Northcliffe's presence in Belfast in the dangerous spring of 1914. He says: "His attitude to the whole controversy was strangely detached. He had come, so he said, to make sure that whatever might happen, the news would reach his papers, and this was his chief preoccupation." Of course it was; at Belfast as always, he wanted *the news*, and the gathering of the news, the whole news, as quickly as possible, was the problem that ever exercised his mind.

That was the secret, and that is what we want to know more about. We want to taste the quality of the determination and persistence and ingenuity with which he set about that daily, almost hourly, task; we want to know about the kind of man he sent to get the news—the George Stevens and the Charles Hands—and we want to know how he used the news when he got it, how he treated it in his leaders and special articles, how he advertised it. Mr. Wilson does not tell us.

And then there are the letters, Lord Northcliffe's flood of letters written daily, no matter where he happened to be (quite apart from his private correspondence), to a host of the men who worked with him. For twenty years he was, perhaps, the most prolific letter-writer living. He wrote letters about everything—machines, paper, ink, type, journalists, advertisers and advertising, plays, actors, politicians, health, aircraft, motoring, books and authors, ships, trains, travel, cathedrals, pictures and painters, and what not. He wrote witty letters, wise, jolly, impertinent, ironic, scolding, encouraging, flattering and imperative letters, but never a silly letter, and rarely an angry one. How many have passed through the printing press? How many appear in this 'Study'?

Mr. Wilson was fortunate in the intimacy he enjoyed with Lord Northcliffe. He does not appear to have taken due advantage of it. 'The Life and Letters of Lord Northcliffe' has yet to be written.

J. M. A.

IN THE LOUVRE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I WAS asked, recently, to give a lecture on Greek sculpture in the Louvre to the students of the New York University School of Arts. I often visit those rooms, at the entrance of which poor Heinrich Heine would stop his wheeled chair, awed by the distant view of the Venus of Milo. I know their beauty. But I had never realized how helpless the visitor who is not a specialist must be until he has found a real guide or made a thorough study of the collection.

Greek art, of course, could not be studied in the Louvre alone. Nothing there like the Evans or the Elgin collections, nothing like the Schliemann treasures. The sixth-century Hera is a rare specimen of archaic sculpture, but how one wishes for the British Museum in front of the only two specimens of Phidias's art which are all that the Louvre possesses from the Parthenon.

Yet the collection is superb and magnificently displayed. Too magnificently! The Louvre is a palace, and it has retained a kingly way of arranging things

to suit itself. How could it be otherwise? How could any Director resist the temptation to stand the Venus where she is, at the end of a unique vista, or the Victory on the top of that royal staircase? What could one do with the gigantic statue of the Melpomene or the enormous group of the Tiber, except place them at the end of the two beautiful rooms which, to the visitor's astonishment, have henceforth to be called Salle de Melpomène or Salle du Tibre?

No chronological arrangement is possible, and hardly any grouping of schools has been attempted. No suggestion of the evolution of art, as in the Italian rooms of the National Gallery. No evident resolve to force the history of art on even an ignorant visitor, as there was in the Chicago Art Institute when I first visited it twenty years ago. A good deal that you see in the Louvre was once a Borghese collection, and the five Greek rooms still recall a prince's rather than a popular gallery.

The Borghese family knew their treasures, of course; they remembered everything about their discovery, acquisition and repairs. They had heard scholars discuss them till they knew most that can be known about the ancient schools. So they displayed their collection to suit themselves and to produce the best effects in their vaulted halls. It is so now. Except in the stately antechamber, where superb sixteenth-century bronze copies are given for what they are, but without any informing attribute—the Venus of Cnidus not even bearing the least mention of Praxiteles—the visitor never knows whether he is in front of an original or of a copy. The obscure Agasias is more likely than not to pass for the creator of the Warrior he only copied. The little Flute Player, who is probably the best specimen there is in the Louvre of the art of Praxiteles, is entirely anonymous. All the information you are vouchsafed concerns the nose that is modern or a hand which is ancient but borrowed.

Sometimes you read a few details about changes of proprietors—still Borghese stuff—but never a word about the style of the statue or its probable origin. The controversy about the dating of the Venus of Milo is not even alluded to. Not a syllable on the pedestal of the Venus Falerone to warn the interested but ignorant visitor that she is an ugly cousin of her prodigious neighbour. The schools of Praxiteles and Lysippus are mercilessly, if charmingly, mixed up in the Salle de Melpomène. No hint that the two Hermaphrodites may mean a beginning of decadence. No idea that the Tanagra statuettes upstairs ought to be related with the art of the fourth century, while the Myrina things, at first sight almost similar, betray a taste, in some specimens, entirely akin to that of our own epoch.

"The catalogue?" you say. The catalogue is the work of the same men who have arranged the rooms: it tells you not the things you want to know, but those in which the *conservateurs* are interested. What can be done then? One dull afternoon, many years ago, I was, as a student, visiting these same rooms. I stopped, rather intrigued, before one of those lying figures which Père Delattre's excavations had recently brought to the light. There was not even a number on the pedestal. The statue might have been in a shed near the yard where it had been dug up. I complained to the custodian, who took me to the *brigadier*, who, to my amazement, averred that Monsieur X would be only too glad to tell me all about the new statue. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw a charming gentleman following the *brigadier*, or my own ears when I was treated to a lecture which was the more delightful because it was not a lecture. But where does Democracy come in in all this?

As it is, the Greek rooms in the Louvre are an incomparably aristocratic collection, formed, preserved and arranged by aristocratic specialists for aristocratic visitors.

HOFFMAN'S DROPS

IF it had not been for Hoffman's Drops I should have abandoned the enterprise. Everything pointed to failure. I had, indeed, already made up my mind and was about to consider an essay on Not Going, when Herr Hoffman and his remarkable Drops put a different complexion on affairs.

After all, I had reflected, there would be many advantages in not going; every advantage, in fact, except one. I should save time; I should save trouble; I should save money; I should save myself from the innumerable risks, not excluding death itself, that according to the Oracle attend all such as are foolhardy enough to attempt the journey; most precious of all, I should save my illusion. It is said to be unwise to meet in person an author whose work you greatly admire—to do so is to run the risk of having an illusion shattered. However it may be with persons, it is certainly so with places: acquaintance too often brings disenchantment. Is it not better, then, never to cross Jordan, to let the Promised Land remain a land of Promise?

Most of us treasure in our minds one or more places—I will not call them towns, the word has too mundane an accent—that mean more to us than fact can warrant. The sound of their names is music. It may be the name itself that holds this magic, it may be stray wisps of legend or hearsay that have drifted into the memory and lodged there, to be mellowed by time and fancy. For me there have long been three such places, a random trinity entwined in the tinsel of romance, for no reason logic can explain. Their names—but I will not give you their names. One of them has been an enchanted city ever since childhood's fancy reared on the foundations of some overheard allusion a whole knight-errantry of legend; the others became heirs of fancy by I know not what chances of adoption and grace. They are more to me than bricks and mortar, because they are less than bricks and mortar: I have never set foot in any of them. Two of them I have passed through in the train, asleep, at night; of a third I have thrice been within striking distance and have each time stayed my steps. I know now that I shall never go there, and I am content. Those who have been tell me it is over-restored, monstrously expensive, set amid desolation—forlorn, but not a fairy-land. I prefer to think them liars without proving it. Children believe in Santa Claus because they have never seen him. Seeing is disbelieving.

We cannot tell what it is that invests with romance for one this place, for another that, which he has never seen. They come to us as the Door in the Wall came to the man in Mr. Wells's story, at odd, inexplicable moments. As with him so with the rest of us there remains a haunting fear that the wrong turning may have been the right turning had we but had the courage to take it. The straight and narrow way, it seems in such moods, is easy enough to follow; to hazard the by-roads requires virtue. Do not believe it. The door labelled Paradise might yawn upon the caverns of Hell if instead of leaving it unopened we dared to turn the handle.

To the three places of my happy ignorance there has now been added a fourth. The Door in the Wall has appeared again. Its name, even if you mispronounce it, as I did for a whole week when first it swam into my ken, has the quality of dream. As for its description—

I once heard an American lady describe the church of Sant' Ambrogio in Milan as "the cutest little church in Europe." Well, this city of mine, with a double line of walls and sixty-eight towers—why, guys, it's sure got Carcassonne all done brown. The moment I heard about it I knew it would be madness to go there. Like the others it must remain unvisited. Consulting the Oracle (Herr Baedeker's 'Spain and

Portugal') to confirm my fears, I came at each turn of the page on some hideous warning. I have never met anyone who knew a Baedeker, *père* or *fils*, but they were evidently a cautious family. Also, they clearly disliked Spain. I will not quote; the work is open to public inspection: enough to say that everything conspired to make it certain I should not go.

It was at this point that my eye chanced upon the allusion to Hoffman's Drops. In a trice the situation was changed. Whatever the risks attending a venture such as I had contemplated, there were, it appeared, certain simple precautions which, if taken, would make all safe. The intending traveller need do no more than take with him certain items of the Pharmacopœia, chief among which were Hoffman's Drops. They were, it seemed, miraculous, a kind of love philtre, a magic potion to cast a spell on all and sundry, to turn the foulest dross to gold.

Ought I to be ashamed to admit that I have bought my ticket and am going to try the Door? But not without Hoffman's Drops.

X.

MRS. MARKHAM ON MONKEYS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

MARY: You promised, dear Mamma, the next time you talked to us you would say something upon monkeys, but you were preoccupied (if you will remember) with the sad fate of M. Hongree Boube. Pray will you not now resume your intention of discoursing upon the Simian Breed?

MRS. MARKHAM: With pleasure, my dear child; for there is nothing more instructive or fascinating in the world than this near cousin of ours the ape.

TOMMY: Indeed, dear Mamma, when you did me the great honour of taking me to the monkey house at the Zoo last March I perceived this to the full; but pray why do you use the word "ape"?

MRS. MARKHAM: I use the word "ape," my dear Tommy, because, though monkey is the generic term, yet the apes, properly speaking, are the true congeners of man.

MARY: And what, dear Mamma, is a congener?

MRS. MARKHAM: I beg, my dear Mary, you will not ask too many questions.

TOMMY: Has it anything to do with the Conger Eel?

MRS. MARKHAM (*angrily*): Did you not hear me tell your sister not to ask questions?

TOMMY: But Mamma, you only said "Too many. . . ."

MRS. MARKHAM (*in a passion*): Silence Tommy! (*A pause.*)

MARY: Pray, dear Mamma, leave this foolish little boy alone, and continue your fascinating relation upon Apes.

MRS. MARKHAM (*solemnly*): Learn then, my dear children, that you and I are descended from a common ancestor with Apes.

TOMMY (*astonished*): What, Mamma! were the Markhams of Puddisford apes? I vow it is incredible!

MRS. MARKHAM (*with dignity*): Your father's ancestors, my dear, the Markhams of Puddisford, held a very honourable position in the County of Durham; indeed, as you have often heard your father say, they can boast relationship with the Bowlers of Bowler Court, though it is only a tradition.

TOMMY: Is it then, Mamma, only through your family that we come from Apes?

MRS. MARKHAM (*suspiciously*): I hope, Tommy, that you are speaking in innocence. . . . I will make myself clear. It has now been demonstrated by scientific men that the whole human race is descended not

indeed from Apes, but from some common ancestor of the Apes and ourselves.

MARY: And where, dear Mamma, is this ancestor?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, it—I mean he—is in the British Museum. (*A pause.*)

MARY (*with increasing interest*): And is he more like us or more like an Ape?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, your curiosity shows you have not deeply studied the question. The common ancestor of various types (or, as some call them, "Species") shows, sketched out as it were, in a vague manner, the qualities of his various descendants. Thus the common ancestor of the elephant and the pig might now be taken for an elephant, now for a pig; while the common ancestor of the Reptile and the Bird looks just like a bird in front, but even more like a reptile sideways.

MARY: Oh, Mamma! how exceedingly interesting! Will you not take us some day to the British Museum and show us all these Uncommon ancestors?

TOMMY: I hate Bloomsbury!

MRS. MARKHAM: You are in error, my dear Mary, in saying uncommon ancestors. *Common* ancestors is the correct phrase. (*Turning to Tommy more severely*): And as for you, Tommy! I do not want to hear your opinions upon Bloomsbury! Moreover, the Natural History branch of the British Museum is lodged in a most beautiful building, which is not in Bloomsbury at all, but in South Kensington.

TOMMY (*humbly*): I am sorry, Mamma, I was thinking of Gower Street.

MARY (*wearily*): Mamma, when *are* we coming to this matter of our relation to the Ape?

MRS. MARKHAM: But for your brother's interruptions, my dear, I should have reached it long ago. Learn, then, that the proofs of our cousinship with the Apes consists in the similarity of our frames, the disposition of the hair upon our bodies, and habits in thought and manners which are almost indistinguishable. Indeed, between the lowest types of the human race, such as the Irish or Italians, or, again, the French, and the highest of the great apes such as the chimpanzee, there is but a difference of degree rather than of kind.

MARY: Then I suppose, dear Mamma, that we may talk of human beings as "higher" or "lower" according to how far they are separated from the ape. Who then has progressed furthest along this glorious path?

MRS. MARKHAM (*with decision*): We, undoubtedly, my dear Mary; though close to us come the Scotch, and after these the Dutch and Scandinavians, our late gallant foes the Prussians, and our dear cousins the citizens of the United States.

TOMMY: What! are they also our cousins?

MRS. MARKHAM (*smiling*): Of course, my dear, but in a very different sense from the Apes. For the separation between us took place a much shorter time ago.

TOMMY (*suddenly*): Mamma, why does no one make pets of Apes as they do of dogs?

MRS. MARKHAM: Because, my dear, it would be very insulting to the Ape to treat him in this fashion. We might receive him as a guest or friend in the house, because he is a relation. But we have no right to put him among menials.

MARY: And which Ape, dear Mamma, is the nearest to mankind?

MRS. MARKHAM: The nearest and dearest, my dear, is, I think, the chimpanzee. But the Ourang-outang, though in many ways deplorably coarse and brutal, has upon some sides of his character a touching likeness with mankind. No doubt he will improve.

TOMMY: Uncle Joseph the other day said, "They only like two sorts, the Barber's Block and the Ourang-outang, so it's no wonder the girl . . ."

MRS. MARKHAM (*sharply interrupting*): I am sick and tired of your quoting your uncle Joseph, Tommy! It is very disrespectful, apart from being quite beside the mark!

TOMMY: But, Mamma, I did not mean to be disrespectful; and I could not make out why uncle Joseph ran after me with an ash plant because I called him a Baboon.

MRS. MARKHAM (*rising*): I think it is high time, my children, that we should put an end to this lesson, which I am afraid (*turning to Tommy*) is far above your head, but which you (*turning to Mary*), being two years older, may profitably continue in a very interesting work which I shall now put into your hands (*she gives Mary a book*). It is called 'The Golden Dawn,' and is written by an American gentleman . . .

TOMMY: One of our cousins!

MRS. MARKHAM (*to Tommy, shouting*): Silence! (*To Mary*) . . . An American gentleman, who writes about the beginning of things so vividly that you would think he had been there (as the Bible says) "when they laid the foundations of the earth."

MARY (*innocently*): Pray, Mamma, who is "they"?

MRS. MARKHAM: I cannot continue this any longer. You, Mary, master this wonderful little book; you will never regret it.

MARY (*gratefully*): Oh, thank you, Mamma! And what beautiful pictures! Here is an Ancestor who looks just like the picture of Great Grandpapa in the dining room. He is swinging by his tail from a tree!

MRS. MARKHAM (*to Tommy*): And as for you, Tommy, try to remember, at any rate, part of what I have communicated to you, to ask less questions, and to believe what you are told.

TOMMY (*humbly*): Indeed I will, Mamma, and in future I will always revere monkeys of every kind as you have instructed me to do, and never forget the respect and affection we owe them.

MARY: How long ago, Mamma, did the separation between ourselves and our Ape ancestors take place?

MRS. MARKHAM (*patiently*): My dear, I must beg you never to say "The separation between ourselves and our Ape ancestors." Remember we are not descended from Apes, but only from a common (and remember, my dear, not an Uncommon) ancestor.

TOMMY: Yes, Mamma, but how long ago was it?

MRS. MARKHAM (*hesitating*): Opinions differ. Sir Anthony Bumbledown, who is a very great authority, has proved that it is ten million years, but Sir Charles Porrable shows clearly that it is only half a million, while Sir Henry . . .

TOMMY: Pray, Mamma, have all these people got titles?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes! And quite right too! These distinguished men give up their lives to ascertaining exactly what has hitherto been doubtful, and as the occupation is far from lucrative (while many of them are of humble birth), it is only just that our King (on the advice of his Ministers) should ennoble them with the highest of merely Human Honours. Thus some are Knights and one or two are even Barons.

MARY: And are any of them actually Lords, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, yes. I am glad to say that some scientific men have even become Lords, especially such few as have made fortunes by the patenting of their scientific discoveries.

MARY: Who patented the Ape, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: My dear, no one patented the Ape, for it is impossible to prevent its reproduction; and perhaps that is why there are no Lords among our greatest authorities upon the Greater Anthropoids.

LA DIVINA PASTORA

By C. L. R. JAMES

OF my own belief in this story I shall say nothing. What I have done is to put it down as far as possible just as it was told to me, in my own style, but with no addition to or subtraction from the essential facts.

Anita Perez lived with her mother at Bande l'Est Road, just at the corner where North Trace joins the Main Road. She had one earthly aim. She considered it her duty and business to be married as quickly as possible, first because in that retired spot it marked the sweet perfection of a woman's existence, and secondly, because feminine youth and beauty, if they exist, fade early in the hard work on the cocoa plantations. Every morning of the week, Sundays excepted, she banded down her hair, and donned a skirt which reached to her knees, not with any pretensions to fashion, but so that from seven till five she might pick cocoa, or cut cocoa, or dry cocoa, or in some other way assist in the working of Mr. Kayle-Smith's cocoa estate. She did this for thirty cents a day, and did it uncomplainingly, because her mother and father had done it before her, and had thriven on it. On Sundays she dressed herself in one of her few dresses, put on a little gold chain, her only ornament, and went to Mass. She had no thought of woman's rights, nor any Ibsenic theories of morality. All she knew was that it was her duty to get married, when, if she was lucky, this hard life in the cocoa would cease.

Every night for the past two years Sebastian Montagnio came down from his four-roomed mansion, half-a-mile up the trace, and spent about an hour, sometimes much more, with the Perez family. Always he sat on a bench by the door, rolling cheap cigarettes and half-hiding himself in smoke. He was not fair to outward view, but yet Anita loved him. Frequently half-an-hour would elapse without a word from either, she knitting or sewing steadily, Sebastian watching her contentedly and Mrs. Perez sitting on the ground just outside the door, smoking one of Sebastian's cigarettes and carrying on a ceaseless monologue in the local patois. Always when Sebastian left, the good woman rated Anita for not being kinder to him. Sebastian owned a few acres of cocoa and a large provision garden, and Mrs. Perez had an idea that Anita's marriage would mean relief from the cocoa-work, not only for Anita, but also for her.

Anita herself said nothing. She was not the talking kind. At much expense and trouble, Sebastian sent her a greeting card each Christmas. On them were beautiful words which Anita spelt through so often that in time she got to know them by heart. Otherwise nothing passed between the two. That he loved no one else she was sure. It was a great consolation; but did he love her? Or was it only because his home was dull and lonely and theirs was just at the corner, that he came down every night?

As the months slipped by, Anita anxiously watched her naturally pale face in the little broken mirror. It was haggard and drawn with watching and waiting, watching and waiting for Sebastian to speak. She was not young and her manner was not attractive. The gossiping neighbours looked upon her as Sebastian's property. Even in the little cocoa-house dances (Sebastian never went because he did not dance) she was left to herself most of the time. And then, she loved him.

It came about that Anita's aunt who lived at Siparia, paid her a surprise visit one Sunday. She had not visited North Trace for years, and might never come back again. Consequently there were

many things to be talked about. Also the good lady wanted to know what Anita was doing for herself.

"And when will you be married, *ma chère*?" she asked, secure in the possession of three children and a husband. Anita, aching for a confidante, poured forth her simple troubles into the married lady's sympathetic ear. Mrs. Perez expatiated on Sebastian's wordly goods. Mrs. Reis, you remember, came from Siparia. "Pack your clothes at once, girl," she said, "you will have to miss this week in the cocoa. But don't mind, I know someone who can help you. And that is La Divina."

Of La Divina Pastora, the Siparia saint, many things can be written, but here only this much need be said. It is a small image of some two feet in height which stands in the Roman Catholic Church at Siparia. To it go pilgrims from all parts of the island, at all times of the year, this one with an incurable malady, that one with a long succession of business misfortunes, the other with a private grudge against some fellow creature to be satisfied, some out of mere curiosity. Once a year there used to be a special festival, the Siparia fête, when, besides the worshippers, many hundreds of sight-seers and gamblers gathered at the little village, and for a week there were wild bacchanalian carousers going on side by side with the religious celebrations. This has been modified, but still the pilgrims go. To many the saint is nothing more than a symbol of the divine. To more—like the Perez family—it possesses limitless powers of its own to help the importunate. From both parties it receives presents of all descriptions, money frequently, but oftentimes a gift from the suppliant, a gold ring, perhaps, or a brooch or some other article of jewellery. Anita had no money; her aunt had to pay her passage. But she carried the little gold chain with her, the maiden's mite, for it was all that she had. It was not fête time, and quietly and by herself, with the quiet hum of the little country village in her ears, Anita placed the chain around the neck of the Saint and prayed—prayed for what perhaps every woman except Eve has prayed for, the love of the man she loved.

That Sunday night when Sebastian reached Madam Perez's house, the even tenor of his way sustained a rude shock. Anita was not there, she had gone to Siparia, and was not coming back till next Sunday, by the last train. Wouldn't he come in and sit down? Sebastian came in and sat down, on his old seat, near the door. Mrs. Perez sat outside commenting on the high price of shop goods generally, especially tobacco. But Sebastian did not answer; he was experiencing new sensations. He missed Anita's quiet face, her steady, nimble fingers, her quick glance at him and then away, whenever he spoke. He felt ill at ease, somehow disturbed, troubled, and it is probable that he recognized the cause of his trouble. For when Anita landed at Princes' Town the next Saturday, Tony the cabman came up to her and said: "Sebastian told me to bring you up alone, Anita." And he had to say it again before she could understand. During the six mile drive, Anita sat in a corner of the cab, awed and expectant. Faith she had had, but for this she was not prepared. It was too sudden, as if the Saint had had nothing to do with it.

They met Sebastian walking slowly down the road to meet them. For an hour he had been standing by her house, and as soon as the first cab passed started, in his impatience, to meet her on the way. The cab stopped, and he was courageous enough to help her down. The cabman jumped down to light one of his lamps and the two stood waiting hand in hand. As he drove off Sebastian turned to her. "Nita," he said, shortening

her name for the first time, "I missed you, Nita. God, how I missed you."

Anita was happy, very happy indeed. In her new-found happiness she came near to forgetting the Saint, whose answer had come so quickly. Sebastian himself was very little changed. Still he came every night, still Mrs. Perez smoked his cigarettes, ruminating now on her blissful future. But things were different. So different in fact that Sebastian proposed taking her to the little cocoa-house dance which was to come off in a day or two. It was the first time that they were going out together since that Sunday. Everybody who did not know before would know now, when they saw Sebastian taking her to a dance, a thing he had never done before. So she dressed herself with great care in the blue muslin dress, and what with happiness and excitement looked more beautiful than she had ever seen herself. Then, as she cast another last look in the mirror, she missed something. "How I wish," she said with a genuine note of regret in her voice, "How I wish I had my little gold chain." Here her mother, determined not to jeopardize her future, called sharply to her and she came out, radiant.

The dance continued till long after 5 o'clock, but Anita had to leave at three. Sebastian got tired of sitting down in a corner of the room while she whisked around. He felt just a trifle sulky, for he had wanted to leave an hour before, but she, drinking of an intoxicating mixture of admiration, success and excitement, had implored him to stay a little longer. They went home almost in silence, he sleepy, she tired, each thinking the other offended. It was the first little cloud between them.

"It is nothing," thought Anita, "we shall make it up to-morrow night." She thought of something and smiled, but as she peeped at Sebastian and saw him peeping at her, she assumed a more serious expression. To-morrow, not to-night.

Once inside the bedroom she started to undress quickly, took out a few pins and went to the table to put them down in the cigarette tin in which she kept her knick-knacks. Her mother, who was lying on the bed and listening with half-closed eyes to Anita's account of the dance, was startled by a sudden silence, followed by the sound of a heavy fall. She sprang down quickly, bent over the prostrate form of Anita, and turned to the little table to get the smelling-salts. Then she herself stood motionless, as if stricken, her senseless daughter lying unheeded on the floor. There, in its old place in the cigarette tin, lay a little chain of gold.

MODES

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE work that inspired the above title is called 'Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century.' It is in four volumes and was brought out the other week by Messrs. Dent.* I recommend these four volumes, which have themselves a sort of boudoir look, to the remaining few who have still time to browse with books, idly to turn over pages and stare at pictures. That is what I have been doing for several hours to-day. I have been looking at the pictures in these volumes, and there are hundreds and hundreds of them. They kill the letterpress, which, so far as I can judge by dipping into

* 42s. the set.

it here and there, is quiet, earnest, intelligent, and painful, like the talk of cultured Germans. (It is, indeed, a German performance.) I open Volume II and my eye falls on this sentence: "We know now that a constitution drawn up on the most liberal lines can do nothing in the hands of administrators who, supported by a reactionary bureaucracy, sycophantic judges, and a servile police, provide the head of the State with every means of carrying out his autocratic principles." And then I cannot read any more because just above and also on the page opposite there are pictures from *The Repository* of 1819, and one of them shows a girl playing a strange kind of harp and the other shows another girl in walking dress, with a green hat trimmed with ostrich feathers and a frilly white skirt that reaches from her ankles nearly to her neck. This girl has white stockings and little green shoes and is altogether charming. Nobody could read about "a reactionary bureaucracy" in her presence; and I do not try, knowing very well that her little green shoes are worth a cartload of this third-rate political philosophizing.

Now I open Volume IV, quite—as the reviewers say, after they have spent an hour looking for a harmful quotation—at random. I read: "On the Continent a period of nationalism followed the downfall of Napoleon. Each race sought political hegemony. The German, Italian, Greek, Bulgar, Serb, Rumanian attained it; the Czech, Pole, South Slav continually strove for it." Then at once the pictures catch my eye and I know that I do not care a rap whether the Czech attained political hegemony or not. On that very page is a neat drawing labelled 'Bar In London, 1886,' and a fine bar it is too, with an officer, waisted and Ouida-ish, two gents with top hats and large moustaches and monocles and pipes, and an array of barmaids, all with curly fringes and busts magnificent in black silk. At the back there are any number of champagne bottles waiting to be opened. The place must be "up West," as they always said in the rowdy-dowdy songs, and I have no doubt it was invaluable to young men bent on "seeing life"—for they were great on seeing life in those days. On the opposite page, in the full glory of plate paper and colour, is a portrait of Mme. Jourdain, also 1886. She wears an evening gown that looks like a tulip, and long crimson gloves, and is even more adorable than the girl with the little green shoes. I hope her husband was not a descendant of the great M. Jourdain, for if he was he may not have realized that he was listening to Poetry (in long crimson gloves) every day of his life. And now you can understand why I do not trouble my head about the letterpress. It is written in such a style that it was half-dead when it was born, and the pictures simply finish it off. Let us turn to the pictures.

There are, as I remarked before, hundreds and hundreds of them, and they are nearly all pictures of women, from fashion plates, portraits, drawings of the *Punch* variety, photographs, anything, in short, that will show us a woman in the fashionable dress of a certain period. We move from 1790 to 1914. Here are our mothers and grandmothers and great grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers, all in their best clothes. Not that men are excluded from

this gallery of fashion. We are there, too, but our clothes have changed so little during this period that the editors very rightly concluded that our sex was not worth more than about one picture to every hundred or so of the other sex. We have our cravats and whiskers and tight trousers and loose trousers, but really these things do not make much difference to us. We are obviously the same people, brothers under the skin; if you put us all in one room we should get on very well together, cravats or no cravats, whiskers or no whiskers. The editors were quite right not to bother their heads about us. The women repay them amply for their attention.

What a protean sex it is! I find it impossible to believe that these hundreds of women are really all more or less the same shape, that their actual measurements probably do not vary beyond a few inches this way or that. About every fifteen years they seem to have changed into entirely different beings: they might have been imported from various other planets. Sometimes they are very tall and willowy, sometimes they are short, broad and plump. Now they all look straight-haired, demure or grave, and intent upon good works; now they suddenly blossom out into curls and frills and naughtiness. You cannot imagine the women of one fashion being able to communicate with those of any other. It is unbelievable that one of these Empire style women, so tall and straight, high-waisted and long-legged, could be the mother of one of these pyramid-shaped creatures of the Fifties, with her tiny bonnet and vast sweep of crinoline. If we could put this girl of 1834, who has a poke bonnet and little curls, bare shoulders, enormous sleeves that seem to begin where most sleeves end, and the waist of a wasp, into the same room with this girl of 1912, who begins with a colossal hat and then narrows down to a few inches at her ankles, we do not believe that they could possibly have a word to say to one another. They all seem to live in different worlds. Nothing, indeed, so swiftly evokes the spirit of an age than a picture or two of its fashionably dressed women. Instantly, you see the whole background and entertain a hurried, confused but rich vision of the period, its social life, literature, art, music, ideals and idiocies. And it is easy to see why these mere fashion plates should be so evocative: nothing could be more in and of its age than women's dress; it is here, everywhere, to-day and gone for ever to-morrow; so that whole chapters on the Crimean and the Mutiny, Palmerston and Cobden, Tennyson and Dickens and Thackeray, Millet and Frith, seem to tell us no more about the Fifties than the sight of a single crinoline. That is why I like staring at these pictures, for they bring history to life with a ribbon or a flounce.

It is amusing to notice how one regards these fashions. Backward from 1914 to about 1890, they seem odd and rather repulsive, being the cast-offs of yesterday, the stuff of lumber-rooms and mildewing old trunks. After that they begin to be touched by romance, just as the knee-length dresses, the tiny hats, the flesh-coloured silk stockings, of our own day will seem movingly picturesque, romantic, to the people, dressed Heaven knows how, of 1987. I will put a bold face upon it and say outright that I do not like

the fashions of to-day. They may be more convenient—all women say they are, though I do not believe women really care twopence for convenience—but they seem to me rather monotonous in their straightness and legginess, and—what is more important—only suitable for a relatively small proportion of the sex. The young girl of to-day can crow over her older sisters and her mother and her aunts because fashion has decreed that all women shall wear dresses really intended for nobody but young slim boyish creatures, that Hera and Aphrodite shall go disguised as Artemis. I am not sure that women are not changing their characters simply to fit the clothes into which they struggle. There is probably more in this than in all the solemn nonsense about the "new feminism" and the "new consciousness of sex." Short views came in with short skirts. Not that I have any intention of falling into the old trap and saying that girls are not what they were and asking where the purity and dignity and deep maternal affections of the women of yesterday are to be found. I turn to the pictures here of the women of the early 'sixties, and remark their demure little bonnets and vast spread of skirts: all of them look as if they had just been visiting the sick and the poor and were about to feed a favourite bird or read to their grandmothers. Now listen to this:

I do not mean to say that there are not now, as there always have been in every state of society, beautiful and amiable women, combining good sense and high principle; but there are too many who seem to have taken for their ideal a something between the dashing London horse-breaker and some Parisian *artiste dramatique*; the object of whose ambition is to be mistaken for a *femme du demi-monde*, to be insulted when they walk out with their petticoats girt up to their knees, shewing (to do them justice) remarkably pretty feet and legs, and to wearing wide-awake hats over painted cheeks and brows, and walk with that indescribable, jaunty, "devil-may-care" look which is considered "the right thing" now-a-days,—to make sporting bets,—to address men as Jack, Tom, or Harry,—to ride ahead in the Park,—to call the paterfamilias "governor," and the lady mother "the old party,"—to talk of the young men who "spoon" them, and discuss with them the merits of "Skittles" and her horses, or the last scandalous story fabricated in the bay window at White's, the very faintest allusion to which would have made their mother's hair stand on end with dismay and horror:—this is to be pleasant, and "fast" and amusing. . . . The girl of the year 1862 who is not "fast" is generally dull and *blasée* pleased with nothing, and possesses neither the wisdom of age nor the *naïveté* of youth.

So much for 1862. And the writer, no other than that old Regency Buck, Captain Gronow, heads the paragraph 'Then and Now.' It is a good title and, as we know, may be used over and over again.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him by the first post on Wednesday.

BUSINESS AND BLAKE

SIR,—Mr. Lawrence puts me in a difficulty. He is so courteous in argument that to leave his letter unanswered would seem uncivil; yet I have really nothing to add to my article.

Neither he nor Mr. Plowman, if I may say so with respect, seems to have read that article with care. No doubt they gave it as much attention as it deserved, but they certainly have mistaken its argument. Mr. Plowman says flatly that I distinguished two classes of mankind—the Business Man and the Poet; but of course I did nothing of the sort. I distinguished two things—Business and Poetry. I never said or thought for a moment that a business man could not be a poet, or a poet a business man.

When I wrote: "What the business man *must* do, the poet *must not*," I made it abundantly clear that I was speaking of them not as individuals but in relation to their jobs. The poet is the man engaged in writing poetry, and of course he might quite well, as an individual, be engaged at another part of the same day in business.

Mr. Plowman says that the good business man uses symbols or formulæ for the sake of economy. As that was the point of my own article, I honestly do not know why he is scolding me. Mr. Lawrence is quite wrong in supposing that I was "incensed" with anybody or about anything, and he gives me my whole case when he thanks God for a "common form" in business! In fact it seems to me that both he and Mr. Plowman state my own case more forcibly than I ventured to do myself.

The point is, after all, simply this. When a chess player wants to indicate that the knight is to move one square in one direction and then diagonally to another square, and that those squares are to be those of a certain position on the board, he does not elaborately write it all out: he puts, say, "Kt-KB3." That is economy: that is acceptance of the common form: that is the spirit in which most business men very rightly use formulæ or symbols. Nothing that Mr. Lawrence says seems to me to invalidate this point. But of only one of his arguments do I complain. What I said about humour in business was perfectly sincere. Mr. Lawrence would have a perfect right to reply that I have no sense of business or of humour; but to suggest that I was insincere is hitting below the belt, and in so chivalrous an opponent is surprising.

As for Mr. Plowman's conclusion, I have so much admiration for him that I feel instinctively he must be right about most things. But if he is to be taken as saying that whenever he uses common social formulæ like "Yours sincerely" or "Not at home," he means what he says, I can only suppose that he does not mean what he says.

I am, etc.,
GERALD GOULD

SIR,—I was delighted to see Mr. Lawrence defending himself so briskly against Mr. Gerald Gould in the last number of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Nevertheless, I am inclined to doubt if he realizes the true inwardness of Mr. Gould's attack; it was not an isolated event but a symptom of a very generally observable tendency to depreciate us unfortunates who must earn our living in business. There seems to be a kind of literary trade union whose rules demand that its members shall immediately assault anyone who attempts to infringe their sacred right of writing English, with the result that what should be the common property of all men is becoming a sheltered trade and that business men are rapidly sinking into a depressed class, the butt of all who care to give them a kick in passing. But while we may perhaps survive Mr. Gould, looking gaily down his nose at our ineffectual struggles to loosen our bonds, we have surely just cause for complaint when literary gentlemen parody advertising gentlemen in literary competitions.

In your issue of October 1 Mr. Morton, in awarding the prize for a parody on modern advertising, speaks of the winning contribution as "combining

the qualities of conciseness, extravagance, gravity and idiocy essential to a first-rate advertisement." "The gravity and idiocy" I readily admit, but as for conciseness its outstanding characteristic was its amazing verbosity, while the extravagance would surely be on the part of the man who paid good money to print so much long-winded drivel. What is apparent is that Mr. Morton quite obviously does not know first-rate "copy" when he sees it, and could do with a lesson in conciseness from any "copy" writer. The parodies he chooses have about as much relation to "modern" advertising as the current serial in *The Family at Home* has to a modern novel.

The truth seems to be that what the ordinary business man is to the literary man, the advertising man is to the business man. Quite recently the SATURDAY REVIEW lost its sense of humour so far as severely to castigate one of our Knights of the Advertising Convention for his somewhat idealistic claims of disinterested service to the public. Let us at once admit that we make ourselves slightly ridiculous at times, without forgetting that others—artists, poets and even journalists have done the same in almost the same words.

After all it is not long since the sword was a good deal mightier than the pen, since even editors were "clerks" and sat a long way below the salt and were in fact quite small beer. If then we, who follow the trade of advertising, look up with longing from the depths in which we still toil to the professional eminence that they have now attained, and try, even at the risk of laughter, to scramble a little way out of the pit, shall we not look for sympathy rather than snubs?

I doubt if, and when, we don the cloak of humility so engagingly displayed by our betters, we shall adopt the particular "brand" advertised by the literary profession, it would take too much to live up to!

I am, etc.,

E. P. KEELY

LYRIC AND LEXICON

SIR,—In his footnote to my letter published last week in the SATURDAY REVIEW your reviewer charges me with pedantry. I have read, or seem to have read, that the term "pedantry" is "most frequently applied to criticism which it is not possible otherwise to rebut." Is such your reviewer's usage?

In the review of Mr. Humbert Wolfe's translations the point was made that while producing English poems the poet had been "strictly faithful" to the Greek texts. When, by a comparison of your reviewer's own quotations from Mr. Wolfe with those texts, I challenged the accuracy of this statement the appended answer, far from justifying it, made the quite new point that such accuracy would be pedantic, and that, if anything, the translations were the better for not being strictly faithful. Your reviewer obviously cannot have it both ways.

To anyone familiar with the anthology Niculla, Crethis, Heraclitus, Helidora and the rest have long ago ceased to be names and have become flesh and blood—men and women and children. Is it pedantry in Mr. Wolfe to introduce us to Zenophila, Apis and others? If not, why should it be pedantry in us to ask an introduction to Agelaus and Acestorides?

By "subtlety" Homer suggests and enhances the beauty of Helen. By subtlety Simonides suggests and enhances the pride of the Spartans. By subtlety Meleager suggests and enhances the fragrance of Zenophila. Is such subtlety unworthy of Mr. Wolfe?

I assure you, Sir, that what little I have said, I have said not because I love Mr. Wolfe and your reviewer less, but because I love Meleager, Simonides and Homer more.

I am, etc.,

A. BARR LAMB

Headingley, Leeds

[Our reviewer writes: The question of pedantry was raised solely on Mr. Lamb's complaint that the names had been left out of an epigram on boxing. If Mr. Lamb chooses to harp on this omission I cannot prevent him. But it does not put him in a strong position to cry aloud for "subtlety." This correspondence is now closed.—ED. S.R.]

SILENT INDIA

SIR,—I suppose that, like myself, all elderly persons among your readers are greatly interested in your excellent 'Back Numbers' series. No. XLIII is concerned with the Indian Mutiny. I am in agreement with "Stet." that the Mutiny did not produce any great outstanding contribution, either to history or fiction. When at Lucknow (Hind. Naklao) I did find that the recollection of Tennyson's verses contributed to my "thrill." "Stet." might have mentioned James Grant's novel 'Fairer than a Fairy,' perhaps rather handicapped by its title; as a boy I found it enthralling.

I remember Forbes-Mitchell's book very well. I reviewed it in an Indian paper, and had, in consequence, some interesting letters from the author. "Stet."s' memory of the magazine incident is not quite accurate. Forbes-Mitchell was exploring a lot of godowns, etc., after dark, his only light being a chirag, i.e., a sort of saucer with a floating wick. He found himself, by the feel, walking in sand up to his shoe-tops, lowered the lamp (the wick was hanging over the edge) and found that the gritty stuff was loose gunpowder; there were barrels of it in the room!

Forbes-Mitchell's regiment was the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, then called the 93rd. They were on the way home from the Crimea when they were counter-ordered to the Cape. The Governor of the Cape, Sir George Grey, having received information of the outbreak in India, forbade their landing at Capetown and on his own responsibility sent them on to Calcutta. As their ship lay off Garden Reach, in the Hooghly, one man was lamenting that he would probably never see Scotland again. Another, to cheer him up, said, "India is a country where men like us may rise in the world. I'll never be satisfied till I command the Regiment!" Forbes-Mitchell himself said, "As for me, I'll make my fortune and buy a fine house like you." (In those days Garden Reach was the wealthiest residential quarter of the City of Palaces.) Now, these three prophecies, whether uttered seriously or not, all came true. The first of the three privates was killed in action within a few weeks. The second earned a commission, and eventually rose to the command of the battalion. Forbes-Mitchell himself served with credit, left the Army as regimental sergeant-major, became proprietor of a rope-works, and, the character of Garden Reach having changed, bought that very house, to which he had pointed, and made it his factory and residence.

'Memories of the Great Mutiny' is the title of the book. It is full of good stories of that stirring time, told with modesty and some skill.

I am, etc.,

ATHOS

SIR,—"Stet." who obviously knows India well, raises in the SATURDAY REVIEW the interesting question why India (and the Mutiny particularly) has inspired so little great writing. Even Kipling is

a partial exception. Did he not leave to an American pen forty years later the revelation of "the nameless horrors of the stifling night—all that the gray owl watched, the pale moon viewed"? No one can doubt that the maker of 'The Song of the Women' knew as well, or better, than Miss Mayo, the actual facts of a Hindu birth-chamber.

As for the Mutiny, it is extraordinary how little grip it has had on the English. Take my own case. I had four uncles through the Mutiny; one of my mother's brothers was Deputy-Commissioner of Delhi at the time and escaped over the wall as the mutineers of Meerut streamed in. My father's only brother was adjutant of the 52nd Light Infantry, marched under Nicholson through the Punjaub and entered with his regiment by the breach in the Kashmir Gate on that September morning. I have been twice through Delhi by train; I never broke the journey either time nor had I any desire to do so. Why? I have gone out of my way to see other cities.

Personally, I am persuaded that we were from the outset heartily ashamed of the Mutiny. As "Stet." points out, the fault was too much ours. Also we owed so much to Indians themselves for its suppression, and amid atrocities there were the many examples of noble devotion to individuals. I have worked alongside an Englishman who was for months a prisoner of the Mutineers; he would not hear a word against them.

In the Mutiny we fought not for a principle or an ideal, but to retrieve our own blunders. Wherefore (this is our nature) if not silence, at least reticence.

I am, etc.,

ANGLO-INDIAN

SIR,—Your contributor "Stet." in his article No. XLIII in the 'Back Numbers' series, rather surprisingly omitted Forrest's 'Eight Days' in his enumeration of the literary harvest of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. Surely 'Eight Days' is worthy of mention, at least in the opinion of many besides

Yours, etc.,

CHAS. L. MONTAGUE

49 Hotham Place, Devonport, Plymouth

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

SIR,—The difficulty of the ordinary layman is to understand what people are saying. Science has no quarrel with Christianity. It only has a supposed quarrel with the Bible; but if it understood what the Bible was it would not even have that.

The Bible is not a scientific text book: it is a history of God's revelation of Himself to man. Science is a search for truth in every sphere but in the spiritual—the full revelation of which, as regards man's valuation, is given by Christianity. No assertion of science can possibly affect the salvation offered to man by God in and through Jesus Christ—pseudo-scientists' declarations notwithstanding.

The Bible is quite another matter. They (the Scientists) may find plenty of fault with that. It was neither written nor dictated by God, but by men whom He had prepared (chiefly by the circumstances of their life) and then inspired with some spiritual truth which they were compelled to write—with *all the limitations of their times upon them*, and in their own words. They had to be understood of the people. But the spiritual message was and is clear for all generations. True science will never say *what cannot be* either in its own or in any other sphere. It can only say *what is*. It may be that at times something in some other sphere may seem to clash with an established truth of science, but who is to say what is an established truth of Science—after Einstein?

Christianity owes far too much to sound learning to begin to quarrel with it now. It owes its dogmas and

doctrine to Greek thought—the acutest of all times—which at first despised it—as well as it owes the language in which these are imperishably expressed. It owes its law and order and organization to Roman thought. It owes its English Reformation to the new learning of the Renaissance. And it will owe its power to carry on in future centuries to its adoption of the scientific spirit in its study of the Bible and in its theology.

I am, etc.,

A PARSON

STATESMEN AND SHIPS

SIR,—In the "Notes" in your issue for October 1 you have a comment on the naming of a peak in the Canadian Rocky Mountains as Mount Stanley Baldwin, and you go on to say that such a thing would be impossible in this country, and that had we attempted to launch an H.M.S. *Lloyd George* during the last war "the unhappy vessel would certainly have been blown out of the water by the gust of laughter that would have followed its christening." I would like to point out, however, that during the war there was a destroyer named *Versatile*, whose emblematic plate was adorned with the head of Mr. Lloyd George. So that we did have an H.M.S. *Lloyd George*—by implication, at any rate.

I am, etc.,

S. MACLEASH

SECOND CHAMBER REFORM

SIR,—Subject to certain exceptions, would it not be possible to have a House of Lords, after each General Election, elected by the House of Commons; each party in the first Chamber having the right to elect to the Second Chamber a representation of its numbers proportionate to its numerical strength?

The exceptions would probably be Peers selected by the Prime Minister of the day to be members of the Government and a number of nominated Peers (say 50), each with at least five years' experience as judges or members of earlier Governments, nominated by the Crown.

That is to say, assuming that after a General Election the returns were:

Conservatives	400
Socialists	160
Liberals	140

and the membership of the Second Chamber were fixed at say 240, after allowing for members of the Government in the Lords say 10, and 50 nominated by the Crown, = 60, there would be available for election by the respective parties in the first chamber, 180 seats in the House of Lords. Of these 180 seats the three parties' respective shares would be:

Conservatives	102
Socialists	42
Liberals	36

Fractional difficulties could be solved by giving the benefit to the smaller parties in the ratio of their numbers.

It seems to be widely agreed that what we want is a smaller Second Chamber. Chiefly acting as a revising body, a membership of 240 seems large enough.

Some timid people may protest against this plan that if the Socialists got an overwhelming majority over the other parties they would command both Houses and carry into immediate effect "Socialism in our Time." Though I do not believe such a result will ever happen, I reply to this by asking how much safer would we be under present arrangements?

I am, etc.,

J. LESLIE MACCALLUM

P's AND Q's

"CHANGE IS INEVITABLE"

SIR,—“Change is inevitable in a progressive country—change is constant” was said by Disraeli at Edinburgh, October 29, 1867.

MURIEL HAMILTON-SCOTT

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me definite information about the origin of the legend of the Upas tree? I have a vague recollection of having read that the legend was framed, by way of hoax, in an article published in some London periodical rather more than a century ago. What was the name of the periodical, and who was the author of the article?

J. R.

SIR,—Required the authorship of the satirical epitaph ending, “Pas même Académicien.”

V.

THE THEATRE

MOODS AND MARKETS

BY IVOR BROWN

SEVERAL American pieces which arrived in London with first-class financial reputations have failed to live up to them; indeed, they have failed to live at all. Meanwhile some English pieces, which crossed the ocean with high hopes of winning the almighty dollar, have landed only to be repulsed. Hence we are told that the American dominion over Shaftesbury Avenue, about which the gossips were chattering a year or two ago, has been shattered and that the English dramatist's happy expectations of doubling or trebling in New York the royalties he has won at home are equally vain. The two nations, it is said, have agreed to differ in taste and the successful exchange of successes is over.

I do not believe a word of it. Theatrical publics do not take their seats as one man, exclaiming, “Yes, we will have no New Yorkers” or “Nix on that London bunk.” Embarrassed news-editors in their dreary search for themes have to beat up discussions of this kind and use a single fact to raise a dozen interviews. Managers, when they are told that American plays are of no more use to London, may believe it for the simple reason that they will believe anything. It is, I believe, true that these hard-faced he-men, in whom all the virtues of the lion and the fox are supposed to mingle, are firmly convinced that disaster will overwhelm them if they produce plays on a Friday; such of them as were ever actors are equally certain that, if anybody whistles in a dressing-room, the play is doomed, and that to quote ‘Macbeth’ is to call down all the whips and scorpions of Providence. Accordingly they may well be credulous of any edicts issued by Mr. Flawner Bannel under compulsion of filling his weekly column.

The idea that nations become consciously rebellious in their theatrical taste and deliberately boycott alien plays for a season or two presupposes more organization than the public can ever achieve; it also presupposes the working of laws and principles in the creation of theatrical prosperity. The critic who has been working for some unbroken years can, with the alteration of a single word, quote Lear with readiness:

and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a stall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

The mystery of box-office things is nothing more nor less than mysterious. Chance rules. The theatre is luck's playground. A book is published and the author must face the risk that his work will be snowed under and miss notice in the blizzard of new issues; even the most active and conscientious of editors cannot dam the flowing tide which floods his book table every day. But, this apart, the author is likely to stand by his own virtues or fall by his own vices. But in the theatre there are limitless chances and changes. That which reads admirably may play abominably. A piece which has gone well in rehearsal may hang fire on the first night; somebody muddles his lines and his nervousness turns infectious. Pace and precision are lost; the public fidgets and yawns. So trouble gathers like a snow-ball. After all, it is the talk of the town (and that alone) which makes success. Critics cannot kill a play which the public wants or make a play which the public will not have. They can only tilt the balance where the public is not quite sure of its mind. But the essential thing for the play is to be a theme of conversation and that comes as much by chance as by anything else. If not to have seen So-and-so is to be out of the garrulous swim at suburban tea-parties So-and-so will soon play “to capacity.” What governs suburban garrulity is a mystery beyond the reach even of God's spies.

Again, a play must start to earn its keep at once. Some of the most successful novels have been six months neglected and then developed auriferous quality with a sudden and terrific momentum. Very few managers or syndicates will nurse an ailing play for long; the author, in that case, is purely at their mercy. It is common knowledge that ‘The Farmer's Wife’ lost money for many weeks; ultimately it ran for more than three years. If Sir Barry Jackson had lost faith or lacked resources, the piece would have vanished and ‘Yellow Sands’ might never have been born to succeed to its golden inheritance. Chance again! Then there is the play whose particular merits can fill the pit and gallery but cannot draw a public to the stalls. Under present conditions it is almost certain to die young. Moreover, the theatrical world, with its nervousness and superstition, has no abiding loyalties. Put a favourite “star” in two unlucky or ill-chosen pieces in succession and suddenly it is decided that the “star” is no longer star-like; he must hitch himself to the wagon and wander off into the provinces or try an Empire tour. Yet he is no different in art or aspect from what he was. These great ones merely ebb and flow by the moon.

With all this play of accident it is absurd to mark down general tendencies and say that American plays are “finished.” Let but two American pieces which are both efficient and fortunate take root in Shaftesbury Avenue and the managers will all be booking passages to New York in search of others. Certain generalizations may be cautiously made. The fact that ‘Abie's Irish Rose,’ ‘The Music Master,’ and ‘Seventh Heaven’ could not achieve their native longevity in London may show a distaste for modern sentiment. ‘Marigold,’ a British piece which has brought prosperity to the Kingsway Theatre, is sentiment served in porcelain, and saved because it carries the allure of “period.” But I would not back such a conclusion to the extent of half-a-crown. The truth about the industry of entertainment is that there is no truth. The business contradicts itself twice nightly and then throws in a couple of mystifying matinees. That, no doubt, is why it is financed on Monte Carlist methods and draws the innocent punter from his Penine mills and Midland factories.

American plays should, where the atmosphere is essentially American, have American casts and American producers. In the case of pieces whose point and theme are universal (e.g., ‘The Silver Cord’) nationality is of no account. But for the Broadway type let us have the Broadway snap. (English players cannot

grumble at the invasion since they are made so welcome in New York.)

American productions of quick-fire plays have a professionalism more exact than our own; the timing of incident, movement, and dialogue is usually perfect. It is the charm of English life that it has not yet lost faith in amateurishness. I always think of that "final" in the amateur golf championship a year ago as superbly British. The Americans arrived with everything thought out. The Scottish finalist, coming late to the grand occasion because a friend's motor-car was troublesome, went out and bought his first brassie in the lunch interval, took a swing or two, and then used it. His home-course was short and he had never needed the club before! And so in the theatre. For such minor matters as crook-plays, American preparedness is admirable. They write them and present them with a colossal calculation which makes our rivalry rough-edged. But in plays where sensibility is all, this slick professionalism may easily defeat itself and a spice of amateurishness may have triumphant results.

The English public certainly has no distaste for Americanism. It welcomed the baffling 'East Side' argot of 'Is Zat So?' Long ago it made close friends with 'Potash and Perlmutter.' It is rather shy of American middle-class pieces like 'The First Year,' but it is also extremely shy of plays about middle-class England. The universal passion of our time is to laugh at gilded butterflies or to tremble before hands that clutch in the dark. Germany sedulously seeks the company of our betters and crowds to the cock-tail plays. Mr. Edgar Wallace, I hear, with his gay cartography of the world that is wicked, has carried the British drama across Europe with no less power of penetration than Mr. Galsworthy. Is not Reinhardt himself a producer of 'The Ringer' and may not a play-goer in the Baltic States find that all roads lead to Scotland Yard?

There are no laws to govern the course of plays across the seas; there is no mathematical certainty of moods and markets. When another batch of American plays comes to London they have the same chance as their predecessors. They may be clever and spruce and quick and cunning and yet collapse; they may be silly and succeed. Efficiency will have something to do with it and the players' passports nothing at all. Chance still governs this mad chaos of competitive entertainment. A fortnight of fog can kill a dozen plays and a strike can dash a prize from hands which seemed to hold it secure. But sovereign over all is the talk of the town, ungoverned and ungovernable. Here is the moon by which all packs and sects of great ones are launched upon their tides.

ART

THE TRAGEDY OF VAN GOGH

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE story of Van Gogh's life is well known, and all the time, as one reads these letters, one foresees the dark and hopeless end, so that even his moments of boyish elation and optimism have an infinite gloom and pathos. There is, perhaps, no sadder book than this collection of letters* from the lonely, impossible genius to his brother, his only sympathetic friend. One reads between the lines, the oddity, the nervous irritability, the disastrous individualism of Van Gogh: one understands why nobody could get on with him, but all the time one is

wrenched with pity and sympathy, because one realizes how desperately he was trying to do right and to be an artist. During his short period of religious belief he was pious to fanaticism. His letters are compact of biblical quotations and theological discussions. He can consider nothing except in relation to religion. Then came the reaction. He was as bitterly angry with the clergy and what they stood for as he had previously been blindly their admirer. In that state he tortures himself with the search for righteousness by the light of his own conscience alone. He pours out to his brother all the warring considerations that make a tumult of his mind. He tries to work out his duty, and in attempting to fulfil it he runs himself into so much misery, he pains so many people, he does so little calculable good.

To begin with, he complains very little: only in little glimpses do we see his poverty. "By all kinds of devices I must often try to get money for the collections in church, for instance, changing stamps for pennies in a tobacco shop": "Enclosed a short note for A. and L. . . the reason I send them to you is that I am afraid of having no stamps." But later he speaks more often and more plainly:

The weeks passed by, many, many weeks and months of late, when the expenses every time were heavier than I could manage. . . . And the woman has to nurse the baby, and the baby is strong and in its growth, and it often happens that she has no milk for it. And I also, at times, am sitting in the dunes . . . with a faint feeling in my stomach, because there is not enough to eat. The shoes of the whole family patched and worn out, and many more such small miseries which give one wrinkles. . . .

At present there is no question about it—but it might happen for instance—because of not paying the taxes—that they sold my things. . . . They are my studies, which I need for my later work, things which have cost me a lot of trouble to make. . . .

We have gloomy, rainy days here, and when I come to the corner of the garret where I have settled down, it is curiously melancholy there; through one single glass pane the light falls on an empty colour-box, on a bundle of brushes, the hair of which is quite worn down.

And then there are terrible passages, passages of rebellion:

A caged bird in spring knows quite well that he might serve to some end; he feels quite well that there is something for him to do, but he cannot do it. What is it? He does not remember quite well. Then he has some vague ideas, and says to himself: "The others make their nests and lay their eggs and bring up their little ones," and then he knocks his head against the bars of the cage. But the cage stands there and the bird is maddened by anguish.

"Look at the lazy animal," says another bird that passes by, "he seems to be living at his ease." Yes, the prisoner lives, he does not die, there are no outward signs of what passes within him, his health is good, he is more or less gay when the sun shines. But then comes the season of migration. Attacks of melancholia,—"but he has got everything he wants," say the children that tend him in his cage,—but he looks through the bars at the overcast sky, where a thunder-storm is gathering, and he inwardly rebels against his fate. "I am caged, I am caged, and you tell me I do not want anything, fools! You think I have everything I need! Oh! I beseech you, liberty to be a bird like other birds."

Van Gogh's tragedy was no less because it was his own personality that made his own cage. It was not his fault that he was different from others, saw differently, felt differently. "There may be a great fire in our soul, but no one has come to warm himself at it, and the passers-by see only a little bit of smoke coming through the chimney, and pass on their way."

But these letters show the great fire blazing before the terrible end, when his own hand quenched that fire for ever. It may be questioned, however, whether this generation would have understood him better than those around him, his father, Mauve, Tersteeg, the dealer, who told him to go home and make something "saleable." And yet Van Gogh's suffering was not in vain; his long and lonely travail brought forth something that the world prizes to-day.

* 'Letters of Vincent van Gogh.' Constable. 2 vols. £3 3s.

MUSIC

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

EVER since the Gramophone Company issued the remarkable set of records of Schubert's Trio in B flat, played by Cortôt, Thibaud and Casals, one has waited with what patience one could summon for further records by these fine artists. Now at last they have for the moment satisfied the demand by issuing Haydn's Trio in G major, which occupies the four sides of two small records. Apart from the rather awkward break in the middle of the slow movement, there is nothing but the highest praise to be given to these admirable reproductions of a wholly delightful performance and a delicious work. I hope we shall not have to wait so long for the next set by this combination.

There is only one orchestral record, also a small disc, in the present H.M.V. list. This contains the preludes to Acts I and II of 'Carmen' played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald. The first Prelude is rather heavily played, but the second, a marvellous piece of two-part writing, is very well done. The operatic airs include the Toreador song from the same opera sung in Italian by Apollo Granforte. There is more power than beauty in his voice and he is not very successful in overcoming the difficulties of this air, which are far greater than most people imagine. Miss Marion Talley, a young American soprano, has recorded Bishop's 'Lo, here the gentle lark' and a 'Swiss Echo Song.' She hits the notes cleanly and her voice is exceptionally pure in quality, but the tone is rather hard and in the second song she does not achieve the echo effect, which is its sole point.

Sir Hamilton Harty with the Hallé Orchestra has made an excellent record of the 'Queen Mab' Scherzo from Berlioz's 'Romeo and Juliet' for Columbia. The fantastic beauty of the music is well realized and the orchestration comes out clearly. Of the sextet from 'Lucia di Lammermoor' recorded for the same company at La Scala, Milan, the less said the better. Indeed, I would pass it over altogether, did not the producers lay special emphasis upon it. A record of the end of Act II from 'Aida' is a far more successful reproduction of an operatic ensemble, though the choral singing is rather staid. Mr. Heddlé Nash's singing of Taminio's two airs from 'The Magic Flute,' also for Columbia, deserves mention. The phrasing is excellent, but the vocal tone is a trifle tight.

Mr. Joseph Szigeti has made a good record for the same company of Paganini's 24th Caprice in A minor. Brahms's Waltzes for pianoforte duet, Opus 39, played by Edith Barnett and Vladimir Cernikoff occupy three large records. Unfortunately the performance of this delightful work is very uninspired and stodgy. For those who like pianoforte records Moiseiwitch's performance of four of Chopin's Etudes (H.M.V.) and Friedman's of the A flat Polonaise (Columbia) may be recommended.

The Gramophone Company have also made some new records of old favourites, including the 'Death of Boris Godounov' from Moussorgsky's opera sung by Chaliapin. These records have not been sent for review, but if they are an improvement upon the old ones in dramatic power and pathetic effect, they must be worth hearing. There are also some interesting records made in Berlin in the same list, notably some orchestral works played under Leo Blech, including the Overture to 'Don Giovanni.'

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—85

SET BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account of a visit to the Motor Show at Olympia, purporting to come from the pen of Mr. Spectator. The account should not exceed 500 words in length, and may, at the competitor's discretion, be an extract from a longer essay.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a list of the twelve musical compositions produced during the past thirty years, that is since 1897, which, in the opinion of the majority of the competitors, are likely to prove to be of lasting value. It is suggested, as a guide, that the list should include four operas, oratorios or cantatas, four large orchestral works—symphonies, concertos, symphonic poems, etc.—and four works for chamber combinations or pianoforte. But this proportion may be varied at the discretion of competitors.

RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 85a, or LITERARY 85b).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 24, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 83

SET BY D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

A. Mr. Boome, a modern poet, has been asked to write a short Preface to the forthcoming Collected Poems of Mr. Hoot, another modern poet, his friend. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Preface by Mr. Boome, which should combine in a masterly degree suavity and loathing. The Preface should not exceed 100 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Patriotic Song (three short verses and chorus) deemed to be by Mr. Kipling. The first line of the chorus must begin: "Hands off the Mothers of the Empire!"

We have received the following report from Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS

82A. It is quite possible that when Elgar writes nobilmente on a score he is doing so not for purposes of intimidation, but simply because at the moment of writing it down he hears in his mind this particular passage played by (say) the Boston Symphony. I

ought to explain that similarly, when I wrote "in a masterly degree," I was not putting these words in to make the problem harder, but already visualizing the theme as SATURDAY competitors would treat it. Nor have I been greatly deceived. The general standard of poisoned sweetness attributed to Mr. Boome ("Sir, we are a nest of singing-birds") was high, and it is clear that some of the competitors have been privileged to mingle in intimacy with the children of the Muses. Nevertheless, I wish W. L. M. had not begun:

When Mr. Aubrey Boome, "Pudding-Face" to his friends, paid me the compliment—

because immediately after this hearty note on the oboe he resumed on a different and subtler instrument:

Mr. Boome calls it "my unpretentious little work." This is a sentiment that neither I nor the majority of Mr. Boome's friends will feel disposed to endorse. The Author's ambition is to write for the few—an ambition this work should do much to fulfil. Publishing costs are of course high; but that is a matter we can well leave to the Publisher—and Mr. Boome.

I may be wrong, but I regretfully rule out W. L. M. on this account. One thing or the other. Had he done it all in the "Pudding-Face" manner—the False-Boisterous—he might have received enormous marks. Many others had good moments. M. Peacock wrote happily:

For twenty years Mr. Hoot has been steadily coming to the front; another twenty years will see him there; but meantime he gives us 'Macaroni Cheese' in book form.

James Hall had also a charming beginning:

Since the day when Ambrose Hoot, throwing 'Palgrave' aside, exclaimed "Mother, they're all *wrong!*" we have watched with infinite expectation. . . . First came 'The Nightingale's Reply'—a veritable eye-opener for students of Keats.

Lester Ralph nearly got the usual prize for:

"Cavaire? Why, yes! No greater catastrophe could befall Hoot or the World than that he should ever appeal to a wide public. He needs careful reading, degustation, before his meaning becomes apparent. Only so may one fully appreciate such felicities as: "*Pale frogs of purpleal putrescence, oh why?*"—a line comparable, surely, with even Tennyson's immortal iambs: "*Then they all went into the Institute.*"

I do not think Mr. Hoot would write such a line as "*Pale frogs*": it is Rebel Poetry, and Rebels always write their own prefaces. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson slightly overdid the acid; M. R. Williamson cast what I cannot help thinking an unwarranted slur on Empire Vintage Verse; Scott Campbell ended with "It is beautifully bound in ivory vellum"—a critic's conclusion rather than that of a preface-writer. P. R. Laird began just a little too transparently: "The publication of a volume of Collected Poems is a solemn event, not infrequently marking the end of an author's career. It is with great pleasure, therefore, etc." Finewell rather bitterly dedicated Mr. Hoot's verse to a Mr. Churchill (presumably a politician) and to the heart of the Nation:

Mr. Hoot in all his moods, in the saintly simplicity of his sentimental hours, in the innocent buffoonery of his boisterous moments, is always in accord with that great Heart.

Remembering that Mr. Boome is a poet himself, with a little reputation of his own for "glossy duplicity" (not to speak of private snarks cast in Fleet Street taverns), I recommend, after long and anxious rumination, the concentrated essence of Pibwob for the First Prize, and that two Second Prizes be awarded, one to Major Brawn and one to G. F. Van Raalte—the one *alambiqué*, the other limpid and seeming-innocent.

FIRST PRIZE

I feel deeply honoured in introducing these poems to a public wider than that which they have hitherto enjoyed. It has always seemed strange to me that where so many poetasters make their mark, the name of Uriah Hoot should remain almost unknown.

As a personal friend of the writer I cannot say all I would wish; but this I may say without fear of contradiction, that there are some images and lines worthy of Wordsworth, and others that not Milton or Shakespeare could have penned. PIBWOB

SECOND PRIZE (1)

Mr. Hoot does not need an introduction: he has introduced himself. Wherever a sparrow creaks, Mr. Hoot's voice is heard. Our age is in his verse; he is its siren voice—only no siren ever equalled him in intensity and grip.

Yet he is constantly misunderstood: I think none of us quite understands Mr. Hoot. He is too deep, too thrilling for us. I venture to predict that, were a mountain heaped upon Henry Hoot, his piercing lines would penetrate its walls and send the shepherds once more hurrying to the inn.

MAJOR BRAWN

SECOND PRIZE (2)

Those who, notwithstanding the volumes already published, are still unfamiliar with Mr. Hoot's genius, will have in this volume a wide field for search.

In the well-concealed art of his style he is essentially modern. At the same time his wide reading appears everywhere; yet it is difficult to believe that even without this background of culture his verse would have been any less remarkable than it is.

My words will not gain Mr. Hoot a single new reader, but it affords me personally great satisfaction to introduce him thus to a discerning public.

G. F. VAN RAALTE

83b. This was rather sad. Is it my own fault, for assuming that the preposterous line "Hands off," etc., would indicate of itself the desired note? At any rate, numbers of entrants took it seriously and produced semi-sacred chaunts of Imperial and maternal purport: nor do I think Mr. Kipling would be flattered, though every page was thick with Flags and Calls and Runes, Wherefore's, Far-Flung Frontiers and Ye's and what not. Moreover, I cannot believe that Mr. Scott Campbell in:

'Ave you 'eard of the Mothers of the Empire?
Their eyes they are limpid and red;

is suggesting anything but that intemperance is gnawing at the bosoms of our Imperial mothers; which does not seem to be to the glory of the Race. One other entry I lingered over, for it had this verse:

When you're drawn into the vortex
Of competitive aeronautics,
'Tis your craftsman who, if in the race he'd win,
Must find, that, in co-operation,
Combin'd with expert education,
Is the only way to let your air-men in.

But I soon discovered that it was inspired by the highest motives; and moreover the triple use of the comma in the fourth line is not true Kipling.

Regretfully, I recommend that no prize be awarded in this section.

HOMECOMING

BY EDWARD DAVISON

THE mists are all gone
And the stars come out bright,
But I am not alone
As of old in the night.

Were I now but to call
To the window above,
It would only forestall
The voice of my love.

Who already has heard
That I come, that I come
Expecting her word
To hasten me home.

Her word from above,
From the heart of the light,
The word of my love,
My name in the night.

BACK NUMBERS—XLV

THERE are certain writers of the secondary order who arouse, in those at all responsive to their appeal, a personal affection almost precluding critical judgment. Borrow is such a writer; Stevenson is, or was, for his fascination has weakened, another; and some few of us would add T. E. Brown to the list. I remember many years ago being astonished by the vehemence with which an old scholar, distinguished in mathematical rather than literary studies, burst into eulogy of Brown. That kind of personal enthusiasm for so very human a writer may be found in unexpected places. Cool criticism of Brown as a poet is not abundant, but the SATURDAY REVIEW provided some in dealing with his 'Collected Poems' in 1900, and I will endeavour to supply a little more.

*
* *

The Saturday Reviewer was very near finality in summing up his work as "very vivid, gesticulatory, boisterous," and as coming out of a nature rich in the rough material for poetry but not quite the nature of a poet. But in that full and able criticism there is hardly an attempt to explain why Brown failed. To me it seems that, over and above the obvious enough faults of his work, some of them comparable with Mr. Masfield's, there was a radical misunderstanding of the poet's function. Let it be illustrated by reference to one of his best-known pieces, that poem on a child playing on her brother's grave, calling out to him to join in her game, and being overwhelmed by the knowledge that he will never answer her. Now a subject of that kind is a very dangerous one, and the last poet to attack it should be "a born sobber," as Brown justly called himself. But if it is to be dealt with at all, the poet must justify his choice by giving us either the whole horror of it or some divine consolation. What does Brown do? At what should be his climax, he simply abdicates, averts his face in utter weakness, to gasp out:

If this is as it ought to be,
My God, I leave it unto Thee.

If that is all that the poet has to say, he has no right to harrow our feelings.

*
* *

Brown was immensely emotional, and he seemed to think that raw emotion put into verse, realistically, made poetry. Certainly, at times, it made something very remarkable, very affecting, to be valued for its rarity, Lamb's 'Old Familiar Faces' being almost the only considerable poem in our literature which offers us such material. It brought Brown nearer to us than poets in general come, having on us the effect that in ordinary life is produced by a letter from a bereaved friend or the sight of distressed face. But when Brown worked in that way, he was not working as a poet. And if there are moods in which such work moves us more than much poetry that is pathetic in the true poetical way, there are other moods in which it may give some of us the sensation of eavesdropping, of being burdened with confidences which, in the form in which he makes them, it is acutely embarrassing to receive.

*
* *

To be sure, a good deal of his work was in quite other veins. His blending of a somewhat grotesque realism with mysticism resulted occasionally in things

which are not easily forgotten. There are in his poetry certain conceits which, if incompatible with the grand style and indeed with scrupulous art, have a quaint charm or a startling force. The purists must allow some of us to appreciate that fancy of the Channel as Dives and other things.

*
* *

But the anthologists ought to be encouraged to give us a rest from the poem about a garden, and the most enthusiastic admirers of Brown ought to admit that he was to the end far too schoolboyish and indiscriminate. His letters, of which two volumes were published a quarter of a century ago, are delightful, full of energy, animal spirits, gay nonsense, confessions straight from the heart, and written with an eloquence to which happily used slang gives pungency. Reading them, one thinks what a companion he must have been. But consider the critical sense they reveal! Brown is found loving the best and the worst in literature with a generosity that is very disconcerting. Flaubert is a great novelist; so is Hall Caine. The English novelist, no doubt, gets so much of Brown's favour because he wrote of the Isle of Man, so beloved by Brown, but to discover "streaming, gleaming, meteoric, cometic, breathless but ecstatic" genius in Hall Caine is to convict oneself of critical incapacity.

*
* *

"Health gone yeasty" was the Saturday Reviewer's description of Brown's state, and it was accurate. He never emerged from the ferment common in the period between eighteen and twenty-one. There was the secret alike of his vivacity in age and of his failure to achieve a coherent philosophy or a complete and balanced body of poetry. His impulses were genuine and strong, but they were random. He wanted a great many things from life, but in a boyish greediness, on the spur of the moment. He gave out a great deal, indeed too much, in a kind of effervescence, which was often exhilarating but on the whole seemed a waste of power.

*
* *

Whatever may be said of Brown as an artist, he is for some of us very companionable; and though, in general, it may be doubted whether youth is the better for contact with itself in literature, he is good at certain stages of adolescence. At any rate, he was good for one boy, who accepted him, Manx dialect and all, with the feeling of having made a personal friend, and was disposed to think him more wholesome than anyone except Whitman. "What I want in all young men is more insanity," he wrote. Well, he stimulated insanity of the kind he meant. A headlong creature, full of gusto and of amusing disgusts, the most unconventional of clergymen and schoolmasters, he brought into poetry, with some serious merits, an extraordinary amount of high spirits. Poetry comes to us usually with composure, but Brown's in all the disorder of his joyous excitement or his distress. The over-excitement in it, degenerating sometimes into hysteria, however much it harms him as an artist, seems to bring him very close to us, and in that intimacy we are as reluctant to appraise him strictly as we should be to scrutinize critically the features or the dishevelled clothing of a boon-companion. Criticism has its duties, and I have given some reasons for putting Brown among those poets who are not poets in the full sense; but, having done so, I propose relapsing into an uncritical reading of his poetry.

STET.

REVIEWS

THE AUTUMN GARDEN

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Leaves and Fruit. By Sir Edmund Gosse.
Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

SOME years ago—nine, to be exact—the then Mr. Gosse was moved, by associations of the war, to publish a little volume called 'Three French Moralists.' It was his tribute to our allies, to a nation that, by the way, has always been an ally of his. Reading it, I became filled with the desire to acquaint myself more closely with the authors mentioned, and, with this end in view, duly sought a foreign bookshop. Alas! I was too late, for the volume had already been out for some days, and had inspired in others before me the self-same thought. The effect of Sir Edmund's essay (at a moment, of course, when communications with France were hampered) was to make Rochefoucauld and the rest temporarily unobtainable in London.

It has always seemed to me that no critic of Sir Edmund's stamp could wish for a better tribute to his powers than is contained in this little incident. He has probably caused more books to be read than any other man now living, and not merely, as some critics do, by a sort of intellectual bullying. He drives no one to literature as schoolmasters drive children to church. He simply has the gift of making any book that he has enjoyed seem attractive, any author who has interested him seem interesting. And, without being indiscriminate, he has the further gift of an interest that does not make itself difficult and an abundant faculty of enjoyment. He explains himself thus:

By dint of gazing interminably over the vast expanse of literature, I have gradually and unconsciously come to regard with equal interest all forms of passionate expression, whether grave or gay, profound or superficial. I ask of books only that they should be amusing, that is to say, competently enough executed to arrest an intelligent observer. My little essays on them are so many pieces of broken looking-glass held up to catch the figures and gestures of life as they pass by. It is for my readers to say whether the mirror is clear or tarnished: at all events I do not think it is dimmed by prejudice.

The image is an apt one, though the suggestion that he uses broken pieces of looking-glass is perhaps out of place. It conveys a notion of casualness and want of finish, not anywhere to be found in these essays. Each is rather a perfect little mirror, with neatly bevelled edges and an appropriate frame. And the range of subjects to which he holds up these instruments is immense. Within some forty pieces he writes on Christopher Smart and Lord Curzon, on Basil and Eusebius and on Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. Here Lord Chaplin follows Walt Whitman, and Epictetus follows 'England's Helicon.' All fish come alike to Sir Edmund's net, provided that they are lively fish who will extend his powers in the catching of them.

Not for him the sterner work which so many nowadays think to be the only proper business of criticism—I mean the application to literature, on a scientific basis, of the latest principles of psychology. He wishes merely to make a picture, to express a judgment and to communicate a zest. And how good his pictures are! Here is one of Lord Curzon which can hardly be bettered:

Lord Curzon was often kindness itself, but he could be cruel. He was distinguished and high-minded, but his speech was sometimes coarse and paltry. His pomposity of manner was balanced by his delicate simplicity, his occasional density

by the quickness of his intelligence. He was generous, and could be jealous, considerate, and overbearing. He was a bundle of contradictions, so wise, so silly; so profound and so superficial; so remote and so affectionate.

And his judgments, in the short space he gives them, are remarkably comprehensive. They do not, they could not, say everything, but they do throw a light over the whole field. Thus he comments on the singularity of Whitman, that the attitude of his readers towards him changes with their moods:

This is not how we take up other writers. It is not necessary to be well or ill, to have received an appointment, or to be crossed in love, to recognize the qualities of Milton or of Keats. You may be the luckiest of men, and yet enjoy the verses of Leopardi. But Whitman, in a very curious way, makes himself part of the element which surrounds each of us, and our response to his blunt and direct challenge is likely to be disturbed by any accidental sensation. "Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?" he asks, and the reader replies, "I desired with something like ecstasy to speak to you yesterday, but to-day I can't bear the sight of you!"

Could any opinion be wittier, more illuminating, more full of meaning, within so small a space? For an example of his skill in communicating a zest, I recommend to the reader the whole of the little essay 'on Brillat-Savarin and the 'Physiologie du Goût.' This fascinating book is still not well enough known, is still far more often referred to than read. (One reason for this, I think, is the difficulty of obtaining a readable edition.) I imagine that it has recently acquired a new band of admirers. It is almost impossible to absorb Sir Edmund's delicate and vivid praise of it without desiring to read it, if one has never done so, or to read it again if one has.

The secret of Sir Edmund Gosse's charm and persuasiveness as a critic lies in his happy combination of qualities of age and youth. He is in his seventy-ninth year, but there is no man now writing who has a more youthful capacity for enjoyment. Any figure that is odd or vivid attracts him, but he can find oddities and vividness in personages whom we have been accustomed to regard as dully great. With this, long experience in the approach to perfection has given his style a sort of patina. Each of these essays seems a light and feathery thing until one comes to analyse the effect it has had on one's mind. They seem to melt into the mind as certain fruits melt on the tongue. But this is not merely a happy gift: it is the result of a very strict art. Sir Edmund is not perhaps very adventurous or very strenuous in criticism. He keeps his ears open to hear what may be interesting in the work of young and untried writers, but I do not think that any school of creative artists ever has, or ever will, find itself indebted to him for critical guidance. But he has an unrivalled power of making good literature seem winningly attractive, and he is, in his own right, an essayist, an observer of character, a teller of good stories.

¶ Competitors are once more reminded that entries for our Literary Competitions must comply with the rules given elsewhere, and in particular with our requirements regarding date of receipt.

¶ Readers who do not wish to be disappointed in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW would be well advised to place an order for its regular supply with their newsagent, or send a subscription direct to the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2. The Publisher is always glad to give his personal attention to any case of delay or difficulty which is brought to his notice.

A PRIVATE DIARY

Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson: His Life and Diaries. By Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell. Cassell. 2 vols. 42s.

THE typical great man's diary of twenty or thirty years ago made rather dull reading. It was apt, at any rate in the form in which it was allowed to reach the public, to leave a sense of disappointment behind it. It was too discreet. It did not say enough. The trouble with such a diary nowadays is, of course, that it says too much. And the really interesting and ironically humorous feature of the situation is that there is nothing to choose between the two evils. We are beginning at last to realize that to reprint every casual jotting from a man's diary, every hasty conclusion which he sets down one day but would probably have repudiated (if he had been given the opportunity) on the next, is to convey no more information about his considered opinions than if we had left it all out. The reader never knows when to take him seriously. In our craze for publicity, our eagerness to give everything and everybody away, we have merely concealed the truth behind a kind of smoke screen of trivialities.

We do not even succeed in giving the diarist away. There has been a tendency in some quarters to blame the late Sir Henry Wilson for the wild statements and half-baked opinions which occur so frequently in this book—or, at any rate, to excuse and explain them by pointing out that the author was an "impulsive Irishman." But it is quite unnecessary to be either impulsive or Irish in order to write as he has written in a diary never intended for publication. "Outspoken in conversation and outspoken by nature, Sir Henry was no less outspoken on paper," says the present editor, General Callwell; but the point is whether he would have been outspoken to this extent, or in this particular way, if he had known that the paper was going to be published. In fact, it is not a question of impulsiveness, but only of the mood in which a man sits down to write his diary. When Sir Henry wrote of Lord Haldane, "What a funny old thing it is!" he made the sort of flippant comment that might occur to any of us in conversation with a distinguished politician; when he speaks of "old Balfour" and accuses Mr. Asquith (as he then was) of talking "platitudes," he is recording his private thoughts and impressions in a school-boy's tone that any one of us might choose to employ as between himself and his diary. Of another politician he exclaims, "How can good work be done with such fools!" It is a mere ejaculation, the result of a momentary annoyance which he had probably forgotten all about a month later. It would be interesting to compare Wilson's diary with those which may possibly have been kept by some of his present victims.

And if any further excuse be needed, it is to be found in the acute mental stress under which Wilson and everybody else was working during those fateful war years with which this book is principally concerned. Mr. Lloyd George, in a communication to the Press, has already been at pains to show that some of the criticisms of himself which occur in this diary were strikingly at variance with the more considered opinions which Wilson went out of his way to express in his letters. "Grey's delay and hesitation in giving orders is sinful" is another statement which the diarist would probably have desired to modify. On the other hand, his comment after a conversation with Lord Northcliffe—"I could not get him to talk sense"—might possibly have been allowed to stand. But the truth is that, in those critical days, any opposition, anything that seemed to make victory more difficult, was "maddening"—as Wilson says—and his was probably not the only private journal that responded to the "electricity" in the air. Indeed, we are told that his diary contains one comment on Mr. Asquith which even this editor has felt constrained to omit.

Wilson was often wrong. His whole attitude towards the politicians—the "Frocks," as he calls them—was hopelessly illogical. He talks of "our rotten system of having our Army run by politicians," but he himself was always ready to take a hand in politics—and did. He thought that the war would only last a few months, clamoured for every available soldier to be sent to France, and laughed at the Kitchener Armies. "K. is ignorant," he says. "I answered back: I would not be bullied." The two men did not get on. He failed at first to realize the necessity of conscription; he overestimated the Russians; and there are other mistakes which General Callwell does not attempt to conceal. But he was one of those who foresaw the war, and one of the few who correctly anticipated the course which the German invasion of Belgium would take. His services during the war were of inestimable value to his country, and his liaison work in particular, aided as he was by his knowledge of the French language and ways of thought, and his close personal friendship with Marshal Foch, was such as perhaps no other living Englishman could have accomplished. As a commander in the field he was not at his best. His genius blossomed in the council chamber, where he could be persuasive, inspiring and coolly explanatory by turns. Probably no man in our time ever had a more remarkable talent for getting his own way in round-table discussion. Such powers of persuasion suggest a more "human" and lovable personality than his diary always indicates; and, indeed, Wilson's personal charm was well known, though we see little of it here. One quotation, however, may be given in illustration. It was in August, 1914, and Wilson was about to leave for France:

I went to say good-bye to Winston. I told him that we had often differed and had never been afraid to cross swords, but that he had behaved like a hero at Downing Street on the 5th, and I wished to shake hands with him and to bid him good-bye. He began to tell me he was sure I would "lead to victory," and then he completely broke down and cried, so that he could not finish the sentence. I never liked him so much.

It would be unfair to suggest that this book is of no historical importance. It contains a good deal of "inner history" which may be profitably but cautiously studied when the excitement has died down. But as regards the diary itself, which occupies so large a proportion of the space, even the narrative of events, no less than the judgments upon men and policies, suffers from having been hurriedly composed, in widely different circumstances, and with no idea of its ever being used as a basis for serious history. It is a diary that any man might have kept and as such it need not be excused. The only thing that seems to require some explanation is its publication in its present form.

LORD OXFORD'S SPEECHES

Speeches by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Hutchinson. 18s.

THIS collection of speeches has been compiled by Mr. Basil Herbert of the Inner Temple; it has been well done. It begins with Lord Oxford's maiden speech in the Commons on Coercion in Ireland, and ends with his speech at Greenock, resigning the leadership of the Liberal Party; between the two are some two score other speeches, all political and most of them thoroughly representative of the man.

The parts of the speeches that now read best are his broad expositions of the spirit of Liberalism; he is a great generalizer, and masterly in his summings-up of a complicated situation. Apart from these gifts, the interest of this volume is mainly stylistic. There are few, if any, speakers of any age whose utterances have been on so consistently high a level of dignity and of verbal craftsmanship. The thought may be

hollow or evasive; the expression of it is always alike exact and sonorous. Mr. Asquith (how easily the old House of Commons name falls from the pen) had many moods of speech, not all of which are represented in this volume. He had genuine humour and was a master of the light, bantering touch; there were times when he would even gambol with a subject, so playful could he be. Yet never for a moment did he relax the gravity of manner, diction and syntax; indeed, sometimes, one used to think, the lighter the thought the weightier the expression.

With the exception of Mr. Winston Churchill he is the last stylist among our statesmen, and the style is purely Ciceronian. Cicero was not the verbose diffuse writer that is generally supposed. There is endless repetition of the same idea in different forms, but each individual expression of it is succinct almost to epigram. So it is with Lord Oxford. He is, moreover, with the possible exception of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the most lucid of our speakers; difficulties might arise in the application of the idea, but never about its plain surface meaning. All Lord Oxford's speeches would go into perfect Latin prose; in diction, syntax and the orderly march of the thought they were soaked in Latinity.

We are glad to know that Lord Oxford's speeches are preserved in book form, well printed and on good paper, a welcome addition to the very small number of volumes of reprinted oratory which can be read as literature.

GEORGE III's PAPERS

The Correspondence of King George the Third from 1760 to December, 1783. Edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. Vols. I and II, 1760-1773. Macmillan. 25s. each.

THE publication of George III's papers in full is an event of considerable importance. In all, it is anticipated, there will be six volumes. The chief topics illustrated in the first two volumes are America, India and Wilkes, and there is an immense variety of minor matters. The new material, which is printed exactly as it stands, will serve to confirm the growing impression that none of the old facile judgments on the personality of the monarch will survive in the light of complete knowledge. George III was neither a merely "obstinate fool," as one writer has it, nor simply "a very clever man, but a very bad man." In these ample volumes there is evidence of moderation and good sense. But there is nothing to show that he did not make serious mistakes.

His greatest mistake was, of course, in regard to America, though it is true that he was wiser than some of his contemporaries. It is interesting to find that in 1766 he was strongly in favour of repealing rather than enforcing the Stamp Act. In his methodical way he set down his views in writing. He would have modified the Act so as to affirm the principle that England had the right to tax the Colonies, but at the same time would have removed the grievance of the Stamp Duties. As the right to tax rather than the amount of taxation was the very question at issue it does not appear that George's responsibility for what followed is in any way minimized. There was a genuine desire on the part of the King to conciliate the colonies, but not to do it in the only way possible. Sir John Fortescue writes in his Introduction: "The real causes of American discontent—stagnation of business—they [the ministers] were powerless to remove." The real difficulty, he argues, lay in the fact that the Government had to deal "not with reasonable men labouring under a legislative grievance, but with revolutionaries." If we may express a different opinion from that of so great an authority, we would suggest that this is

an incomplete account. The conquest of Canada by removing the fear of the French certainly helped to cause the loss of America. Bad trade aggravated grievances. But the Americans claimed to be revolutionaries only in the sense that they appealed from the sovereignty of the corrupt English Parliament to what they believed to be reasonable. They appealed from the supremacy of law to the supremacy of reason. It may be that the legislation to which they objected did them no material injury. But the Acts of Trade and other imperial legislation were unpopular because, as Adam Smith said, they were regarded as "badges of slavery." And discontent was not new.

Indian affairs are the subject of a good many papers in the second volume and the connexion between Indian and American matters is well shown in the tea question. Legislation designed to enable the East India Company to get rid of its huge stock of tea, and incidentally to bribe the colonists into swallowing a small tax along with the tea, led to the Boston tea-party and the break-up of the first British Empire. George III had a great dislike of the Indian profiteers. He could not forgive Clive for "opening the door to the fortunes we see daily made in that country." His prejudice against the "nabobs" was shared by the country squires, who objected to those who had "shaken the pagoda tree," and had come home wealthy and bought land, social position, and a seat in Parliament with a prospect of a share in the spoils of administration.

The Wilkes question occupies a good many papers, as does the question in which Wilkes also figured as to the publication of debates. George thought that the "lawless method of publishing debates in the papers should be put a stop to" and was in favour of the struggle being conducted on the Parliamentary side by the "broader shoulders" of the House of Lords. However, "the Commons insisted upon mismanaging the matter themselves." Sir John Fortescue speaks of the collision which was involved between the House of Commons and the City of London as ending in the "ignominious defeat of the House." This is not quite accurate. Practically, it is true enough. The House of Commons ceased to enforce its claim that publication of debates was a breach of privilege. But the claim was not abandoned. And the imprisonment of the Lord Mayor by warrant from the Speaker for breach of privilege was held legal by the Court of Common Pleas, which ordered the remand of the prisoner.

A good many other matters are dealt with in these papers. There is much of interest about changing ministries and their personnel, the intrigues and difficulties to which they gave rise. Foreign affairs appear in a number of places. There is considerable anxiety about relations with France in 1771. The acquisition of Corsica by France leads to unofficial support of Paoli in Corsica. The king's domestic worries, too, are prominent. His brother married the widow of Colonel Luttrell, who when defeated at the poll by Wilkes had been declared by the House of Commons duly elected. His sister Caroline Matilda was imprisoned by her husband, Christian VII of Denmark, for alleged misconduct with Count Sthansee, and the death of the king's mother, the Princess Dowager, quickly followed.

Smaller matters include a letter from the Royal Academy, setting out its laws and regulations, including one to the effect that "no needlework, artificial flowers, cut paper, shell-work models in coloured wax, or any such performances, shall be admitted into the exhibition." The king replies to a letter from Florence, saying that "the very curious and well-executed copies of the Painters' Portraits in the Florentine Gallery are much enhanced by the very genteel epistle that accompanied them."

On the whole we may subscribe to the opinion that the general impression made by these papers is that

of a "young king with decided capacity for business and genuine anxiety to do his best for his country at a very difficult time." Unfortunately his conception of what was best involved royal intervention in politics and the loss of America. As Sir John Fortescue concludes: "The king had neither the experience nor the brain to initiate a constructive policy."

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

The World in the Making. By Count Hermann Keyserling. Cape. 9s.

IT is safe to say that Count Keyserling is a man who could never make peace with the world. He must die fighting or surrender. In a long autobiographical sketch he gives us a history of his surrender and commends it to us under the name of self-mastery.

His confession is as interesting as the 'Journal of a Disappointed Man,' but instead of being the story of a strong, clear, and single spirit, shattering itself upon the final calamity of immature achievement, it is the story of two such spirits, whose fate, being composite, was different. The Keyserlings are a family of a type that we could match in England—cultured and intellectual seigneur-squires who have great men as their friends and great men as their tutors, but never great men as their relations. One of them was the first eminent Russian geologist. The Ungern-Sternbergs, the family of Count Keyserling's mother, were marauding baronial brigands, lawless and impulsively decisive in mind. Count Keyserling had the misfortune to derive from both these families.

The resulting inferiority complex took away a great deal of his independence, so that when he became a student, superficially exaggerating the importance of being invulnerable, he posed as a brawling, duelling, guzzling Dorpat student. But the sensitive and intellectual side of his nature, with the help of a timely sword-thrust, refused to be so extinguished. He had achieved his ambition too soon, as Barbellion had, and he was ill, as Barbellion was, but his dissatisfaction with his achievement and his illness, instead of killing him, brought out the aesthetic side of his nature. His strength found another outlet in another nature, where Barbellion's turned on itself. He set himself to develop his sensitive side, which was more difficult work against the bias of his submerged brutality, and so he gradually came, by weary sophistries, to adapt himself to a working compromise between his two natures. Count Keyserling dramatizes this process of struggle, and ascribes a degree of purpose in his own development which is quite inadmissible. He counts four radical changes in his life where there are only two, and the causes of these two were, first, the ridicule and roughness of slightly older boys, and second, a piece of steel.

After this sketch there follows an irrelevant pamphlet outlining a scheme by which "living creators of spiritual values can be delivered from the necessity of earning money." The scheme is good and sound, provided the need for it is acknowledged.

The main part of the book explains the author's views on a state of affairs for which everyone ought to make mental preparation by developing himself through the methods suggested by Count Keyserling's own process of growth—presumably by getting a sword in the gizzard. The methods which Count Keyserling really means are a vague mixture of Coué's philosophy and the theory of attainment by faith. They can only be practised on minds more flexible and susceptible than the normal Anglo-Saxon's. A provincial mind will not respond to them.

The prophetic chapters are intensely interesting. The main proof of impending change is the immense advance of reason, which shows itself so far mainly as a destructive force let loose like a bull in the china-

shop of the old purely emotional culture. Reason is transferable to an extent which no emotional atmosphere is, and will therefore tend to form a single type by destroying the irrational status of separate classes and individuals. The representative type Count Keyserling calls the Chauffeur—primitive man made technical. The Fascist is the Italian Chauffeur, the Bolshevik the Russian—a type of quick alert decision and poor spiritual value. At present no culture is possible because we are still undergoing a reaction and the old cultural types are not yet defeated. Later on culture will be possible, and a far more widespread culture than ever before because it is rational and transferable. Meanwhile, to oppose modernism from the standpoint of perished ideals and emotional cultures is to admit oneself a derelict. To be of use men must mould themselves on the lines that progress will take and by identifying themselves with it and advancing with it they will find themselves one of its masters. Europe to-day is playing the same part that Palestine once played. The East is following the West, and the West is on the verge of putting its house in order. A leader of modern peoples must be a journalist—indeed, leaders have always been journalists. These are the main contentions.

If reason were proved to be less transferable than emotion, as we think it is, and as Count Keyserling seems to us to think when he says "an idea does not rise to historic power on the potency of its truth, but on the basis of its representative character," then the whole theory collapses.

Count Keyserling's diction is final and dogmatic. We are referred in footnotes and in the text to every book he has ever written and only to one he has not written—the work of a pupil of his. The book has been neatly translated into English by Mr. Maurice Samuel. We could have done without "glimpsed" and "meaningfulness." Count Keyserling himself is responsible for the "cosmic" nature of things.

MORE MILNE

Now we are Six. By A. A. Milne. Decorations by E. H. Shepard. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

MR. MILNE has become the laureate of the nursery. His Christopher has discovered a new continent rich in silver and gold and his Robin, piping songs of innocence, has become the prodigy of his time. It is useless for superior people to cry "Pooh!" to his Winnie and pretend that these brats haven't a way with them. They have become common conquerors on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Pim may stop passing by, but the children are likely to continue.

But now I am six, I'm as clever as clever,
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

We agree. It is certain to happen.

Mr. Milne is "as clever as clever" because he knows that children are realists and applies a gentle versification to the realities of the nursery. Consider this statement of grievance and the apt rebuke:

I go to a party, I go out to tea,
I go to an aunt for a week at the sea,
I come back from school or from playing a game;
Wherever I come from, it's always the same;

Well?

Have you been a good girl, Jane?

To which Jane very reasonably replies:

Well, what did they think that I went there to do?
And why should I want to be bad at the Zoo?
And should I be likely to say if I had?
So that's why it's funny of Mummy and Dad,
This asking and asking, in case I was bad,

Well?

Have you been a good girl, Jane?

What could be more actual? No children's book can succeed which does not satisfy the grown-ups

and Mr. Milne includes 'King Hilary and the Beggar Man' for the aunts and uncles and other people who have seven-and-sixpence to spare, and Mr. Shepard, we think, must be very popular with aunts. But the contemporaries of Christopher Robin need not be frightened; there are plenty of the things which really matter, such as toy-trains with string brakes ("It's a good sort of brake, but it hasn't worked yet") and fishing, and a beetle in a matchbox and other great possessions. So long as Mr. Milne concentrates on these he has the passport to all nurseries and school-rooms, and so long as he continues to be sentimental about the charcoal-burner ("He and the Forest close together") he has the parents in his pocket. "And that, said John, is that."

PLAYS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE

Marco Millions. By Eugene O'Neill. Cape. 5s.

The Macropulos Secret. By Karel Capek.
Translated by Paul Selver. Holden. 5s.

HUMOUR has not so far been a strong characteristic of Mr. O'Neill's work; but now the diligent craftsman of the gaunt and melancholy theme emerges as an ironist of entertaining quality. 'Marco Millions' is certainly his most jovial play and the acidity of his satire is warmed by a lively sense of genial ridicule. The theme is Marco Polo and that industrious bagman's records hardly need embroidery by the dramatist in search of fun. Mr. O'Neill sees Marco as a medieval Babbitt; the world has smiled at him as a romancer, but Mr. O'Neill's point is that he missed romance while standing in its treasure-house. So we see him as a kind of modern American "drummer" born before his time and fed upon the "success literature" of his race. We follow him across the gorgeous East, always missing the point and always finding the goods. His immense stupidity in anything but finance becomes a cloak to protect him. What can Kublai Khan make of such oafish innocence but smile on it? What can the Princess offer such a simpleton but her affection? His *naïveté* astounds and conquers. For the Orient as a civilization he has no glance; it is an area to be opened up by Venetian "go-getters." He goes and gets. The Orient smiles tolerantly at his barbarism. What is to be made of those pushful Westerners? They amuse while they exploit. So the Polo family plant their fortunes amid a tolerant derision and live to gather the fruits a thousandfold.

Mr. O'Neill sits athwart the Great Wall of China and watches the pioneer of peddling conquering with his childish persistency and marching on to the million-pound look. On, on he goes; everything that he sees becomes nothing to his visionless eye; everything that he touches becomes gold in his acquisitive palm. Marco is no coarse villain; he is just an innocent abroad carrying his little banner of a bagman's triumph through the lanes of Eastern opulence and into the courts of Eastern wisdom. It is a great opportunity for the ironist and Mr. O'Neill takes it. This is the most endearing play that he has written and makes us forget the bleak houses of hard-worked tragedy to which he has, rather too monotonously, invited us heretofore.

Mr. Capek's subject is the same as that of 'Back to Methuselah.' The *Macropulos* secret is first cousin to the lore of the brothers Barnabas. But the idea is worked out in terms of drama, not of metabiological exposition. To Mr. Capek longevity is not the admirable social weapon that Mr. Shaw imagines. It is only embarrassment and boredom. The victim of the secret is a great singer, and when she discovers that by process of time she can perfect her art she discovers also

that art is tedious and meaningless. The effort is all and, with her secret, she has transcended effort. "For you," she cries, "everything has some value, because in a few years you won't be able to enjoy it. . . . It's downright revolting to think how happy you are. And it's simply due to the paltry chance that you're going to die soon. You believe in everything, you believe in love, in yourselves, in virtue, in progress, in mankind, and in Heaven knows what else." But for her everything is irksome. She has lost hopes and fears and illusions; life is savourless.

It is a pity that Mr. Capek has not made more dramatic use of this point of view. Too much time is wasted on developing a plot which will frame the philosophy; we tire of the intrigue while we enjoy the illumination. The piece was written before the publication of 'Back to Methuselah,' but it is something of an answer to the Shavian pentateuch. Not, of course, that it has anything like the same size and range; but it states the case for the perishable flower and the world of sense against the cold Shavian ideal of a world reduced to eddies of pure thought and of humanity as a faultless intellectual abstraction. It is hard to say whether Mr. Capek's play would take the stage well; but it represents his capacity to find new points of view and to be a freshly whimsical observer of the human scene.

Mr. Selver's translation is apt, and the observations lack nothing in the pungency and actuality of the rendering.

GOLD AND DROSS

Gems and Life. By Moysheh Oyved. Benn. 5s.

THIS is a curious little collection of stories and memories. They are of varying merit; some are fantastic, others are autobiographical; all have a common quality of directness and *naïveté*.

The author has a nice humour, which he is not afraid to indulge. He reveals himself (as he did in a former book, 'Visions and Jewels') as a Polish Jew, a dreamer, living in London, the proprietor of a jewellery and curio shop, and most of his stories concern his customers, who range from shoemakers to great ladies and famous artists:

Ten years I had known him as Jacob Epstein, as the assimilated English-American sculptor—him, who looks like a sort of Jewish bricklayer, his face pale with the clay and ruin-dust—him of the black curly hair, like our Jewish calligraphy—him of the pure, dreamy, festival eyes, and with his lips in a pose, as of sucking. And I had the illusion that his trousers were a little too long.

He is, in turn, ardent and practical:

Since ever England took over the mandate of Palestine, and promised to help us fulfil our destiny and become whole, since that day, every National Jew in the whole world has been singing a song to England—a "May her strength increase" song.

Whilst riding on the London buses, my soul danced to the melody of gratitude, and I positively forgot that a Jew, too, must pay his fare.

With the same inconsequence he writes of his family relationships:

My wife was proud of me.

We lived happily ever after. I promised her an expensive bedroom suite, and she let me kiss her "Good night."

And so on. Mr. Oyved occasionally, and almost, it seems, inadvertently, stumbles on truth; he is always refreshingly free from sentimentality, though he is, as we have shown, sometimes guilty of strange irrelevancies. This is, in short, a book which many may pass over as trivial, and a few will appreciate for its simplicity and shrewdness.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Mr. Balcony. By C. H. B. Kitchin. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.*Lord of Himself.* By Percy Marks. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.*New Wine.* By Geoffrey Moss. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.*Simple Stories.* By Archibald Marshall. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

LIKE Matilda's Aunt in Mr. Belloc's *Cautionary Tale*, the serious modern novel "keeps a strict regard for truth." But whereas she (it will be remembered) had possessed this virtue from her earliest youth, the novel has only recently acquired the moral ornament of veracity. There was a time when novelists said the first things that came into their heads, when their main preoccupation was to amuse their readers and themselves. Thus Dickens continually indulged in comic relief, and Hardy, before his jealous pessimist philosophy had excluded joy, devoted many side-splitting passages to the conversation of Joseph Poorgress and others of his kind. But now that Art tends more and more to approximate to the condition of Science, the position of the joke (once so privileged) has become a very difficult one.

Facetious people have laboured to make the falling of the apple upon Newton's head seem funny (certain fruits, like the banana, are difficult to take seriously), but the humour of the incident is forgotten in the more important question: Did the apple descend and hit Newton, or did Newton ascend and hit the apple? To be ironical in such a matter is to be out of touch with the spirit of the age. Science demands, or did demand during the last century, rigid accuracy; its gentle dullness never loved a joke. Irony and laughter, which presuppose and are nourished by discrepancies and unresolved discords, are unsympathetic and irrelevant to the scientific spirit; and a novel which admits them is likely to get itself condemned as frivolous. It has spoken disrespectfully of the Equator.

What a relief, therefore, to find that Mr. Kitchin, an up-to-date and what is tiresomely called "important" writer, never flinches for a moment from being amusing, if the mood takes him. Moreover, he does not depend upon one kind of pleasantry; his jokes are born free and equal. But broad or pointed, they seldom fail to be funny. To enjoy them thoroughly one must accustom oneself to Mr. Kitchin's manner, which is very much his own and which sometimes, by its glitter, masks the real brilliance that underlies it. One must, however, resist the temptation to consider him as a humorist, for humour is not the most characteristic quality of 'Mr. Balcony,' though it is present in abundance. What can we make of this strange, enigmatic fable that, directly we read it from a realistic standpoint, takes refuge in symbolism, and the moment we regard it as a symbol, becomes provokingly concrete before our eyes? Lithe Street is real enough, London is real enough; the yacht in which Mr. Balcony transports his eight neighbours to Africa is real too, though it is called the *Percy*, and Mr. Kitchin rarely mentions capstans and gunwales and binnacles.

And Africa may be very like Mr. Kitchin's description of it. These persons and places are real enough in the flesh and on the map; but their more immediate, vivid reality lies in the imagination with which they are presented. This quality of imagination is Mr. Kitchin's greatest gift; we may chuckle over his dialogue, be absorbed by his metaphysical exercises, be tantalized and enchanted by the elusive figure in his carpet: but it is on its compelling imaginative

power that the success of the whole fantasy ('Mr. Balcony' is a remarkably successful book) rests. We can only in part divine Mr. Balcony's intention; we can only guess how far Mr. Kitchin means us to regard him as a symbol of Everyman. He refused to comply with the designs of Nature, he refused to "feature" his nearest relations, so he took to dumb-bell exercises, cultivated an appearance like Lord Kitchener's, and, sheik-like, carried off Gloria to a rather brutal marriage in the desert. For fun he pulled out the teeth of one friend, in pity he threw another overboard. But in performing these robust actions he was violating his own personality, he was escaping from the self Nature had prepared for him. The "injudicious marriage" of the Professor, the "horrible celibacy" of his uncle Louis, no longer threw their shadows across his future; he would never be the mild, despised, ineffectual elderly gentleman, a little out of touch with life, that his fancy had dreaded.

It is fascinating enough to follow Mr. Balcony's spiritual Odyssey; but the pursuit would be more arduous and less compelling were it not for the breathless atmosphere with which Mr. Kitchin invests it. His imagination is a somewhat uncertain quantity; every now and then it leaves incidents or reflections unsubmerged and unassimilated; it is unduly respectful towards certain cherished foibles and personal idiosyncrasies which seem intended for a narrower coterie than the public which will (I hope) read and enjoy it. And when it fails, when Mr. Kitchin writes merely from his observation and his knowledge without consulting his imagination, he becomes commonplace, and his mannerisms project like plantains on a lawn. But the full current of his imagination is exceedingly impressive, a powerful compelling tide that gathers together the separate particles of the book and sweeps them irresistibly along. At these moments to read him is like breathing a strong air, intoxicating, invigorating, life-giving. There are at least three passages in 'Mr. Balcony' which might find their way into any anthology of modern English prose:

"We have moods," said Mr. Balcony, "when the nobility of our thoughts moves us to tears, moods when we are convinced of the reality of goodness and long to increase the sum of it, as if it were a precious fluid swirling round the world and bringing balm and peace to the tormented—something outside the mechanical scheme of things. And we

DO NOT ACCEPT
PETROLFROM ANY
SHELL PUMP

UNLESS

IT BEARS
THESHELL
"SEALED
CERTIFICATE"

aspire to sacrifice ourselves in some cause or other and be humbled, worshipping unknowns which are strong and beautiful, magnanimous, generous, and kind. We melt with sympathy for all that we see and hear. Each little episode seems full of pathos and rich in meanings. We give thanks for the sunlight and the growth of grass, for clouds scudding past tall chimneys, for a bright curtain in a mean street and the voices of children. Our tears are fragrant as incense, and we cannot shed enough. Indeed, we enjoy ourselves and know it, and say with some boldness to the scientist, 'What are your laws of nature and survival-values to my beautiful thoughts?'

What felicity, what eloquence, what beauty! Mr. Kitchin's work, at once intricate and passionate, promises him a very brilliant future.

'Lord of Himself' is a study of young rich Americans. The hero is a *nouveau riche* who does not know how to behave, but longs to. His mother helps him and commands his whole allegiance. At the end of the book he fixes his mind on higher things than social success, and marries a modern girl who, though very emancipated in her habits, has a noble nature. It is an interesting picture of modern manners in America. The conversations are well observed and bear the stamp of a frightful truth: "You're so damned white," etc. The youth of America seems to spend its time swearing, caressing, and moralizing by turns. But it is more naïf and spontaneous than such a book would be in England. It is fresh, unpretentious and sincere, but also slight, platitudinous and sentimental.

'New Wine' is like the scenario for a super-film. Its story is theatrical, its emotions are operatic, and its leading characters blank silhouettes to be filled in by the features of film stars. The plot tells how a girl, for the sake of an unworthy husband, becomes a dancer in a cabaret at Bucharest. She falls in love with a model young Englishman, only to be separated from him after packing off her husband by an English diplomat. She is left lamenting. The point of the book is not the plot, or the people, but the setting—the picture of night life in Central Europe. This is done in a lively, spicy, newspaper correspondent's manner. It shows observation and is very readable. It has the interest of a travel book.

There is little to be said about Mr. Archibald Marshall's 'Simple Stories,' but their title is not un-descriptive. The book is a collection of anecdotes and fables, written deliberately in the manner of a child. It recalls 'The Young Visitors,' but is without its fire, its fancy and its eloquence. To be really successful such things must be genuine, and a grown-up person talking baby-language runs the risk of looking silly. Mr. Marshall does not altogether escape this risk. The pictures are charming.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Joy of Life. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 6s.

DEFINED as "an anthology of lyrics of happiness and excitement drawn from the works of living poets," this book has obviously a wide scope. There are few lyrics which cannot be claimed as springing from excitement of one kind or another: hate poems, however, do not enter in and there is a general atmosphere of blissful dawn and tranquil eves. The Funerary Muse is admitted on condition of being cheerful, but we find her forced smile irksome. Critics of anthologies have nothing to do but record omissions and then be thankful for present pleasures; accordingly we shall complain that to have only one of Mr. Chesterton's laughing lyrics is preposterous and that Mr. Belloc is poorly represented. Nor is Mr. Humbert Wolfe seen at his best. Mr. Bentley's 'Ballade of Liquid Refreshment' is sadly missed by one reader. But, of course, there is abundance of other and delightful things and we are glad to see Mr. Christopher Morley take his proper place. His 'Secret Laughter' should be in all collections of the happy mood.

The Treasury. By Sir Thomas L. Heath. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

FEW living officials are better qualified to write on the Treasury than Sir Thomas Heath, one of the many able financiers—in the official sense—who have recently served the public. Sir Thomas Heath rose with good reason to the highest position in the Civil Service, and held that position throughout the war years, when the burden imposed on the Treasury was so Atlantean

that it was necessary to have two, and ultimately three, joint permanent secretaries. Sir Thomas Heath's account of the duties and functions of the Treasury is extremely interesting to the careful reader, though, at first glance, it may look *jeune* to the superficial skimmer. When he first entered the Treasury it was proud of playing the part of Jorkins to the Spenslow of a spending department. Now, alas! we have changed all that. Formerly the Treasury could refuse to sanction outlays almost without giving reasons; the onus of justifying his claim was on the applicant. "Nowadays the idea seems to be that the onus is rather on the Treasury to justify the refusal; the hand of every man is against the Treasury. Well might a Permanent Secretary once aver that he couldn't sleep o' nights for thinking of the defenceless condition of the British taxpayer!"

The Riddle of the Jew's Success. By F. Roderich-Stoltheim. Translated by Capel Pownall. Leipzig: Hammer-Verlag.

MR. POWNALL has given us an exact and readable translation of a forcible German contribution to the literary side of the *Judenhetze*. The second edition of this work appeared in 1913, but the author has changed nothing and has added only a brief postscript—though one might have supposed that recent experience would have led him to modify his opinion of the Jews as the only war-profiters. The book was originally written as a counterblast to Professor Sombart's *Die Juden und das Wirtschaftsleben*, in which that eminent economist looks only on the sunny side of the Hebrew contribution to the economic life of modern Europe, whereas Dr. Roderich-Stoltheim is firmly convinced that "the Jew represents the lower side of human nature." It is not easy in this country fully to appreciate the German attitude to the Jew, any more than the American attitude to the negro. Neither racial problem is unpleasantly forced upon our notice. Thus Mr. Pownall has done a useful service for the reader who wishes to understand why the pre-war German professed to hate Jews only less than Englishmen. It would, perhaps, have been better if he had given the quotation from 'Endymion' on page 6 in Lord Beaconsfield's own words, instead of retranslating it from the German. It will be found in Chapter 56 of that fascinating story, which, of course, was not published as Dr. Roderich-Stoltheim says in 1844, but in 1880.

Menageries, Circuses and Theatres. By E. H. Bostock. Chapman and Hall. 16s.

MR. BOSTOCK has an hereditary interest in menageries. He is a grand-nephew of the famous George Wombwell, who thrilled England a century ago by arranging a much-advertised combat between a lion and six mastiffs, and who enriched our language with the words "bonassus" and "monstre." One of Wombwell's menageries ultimately came into the hands of Mr. Bostock, who justly claims that what he calls a "menagerie" is in reality a "wandering teacher of natural history." The innocent exultation with which he recounts the numerous triumphs of a long and arduous career lends a pleasing and distinctive flavour to the autobiography which he now publishes, in his seventieth year. It is full of captivating anecdotes, of which the best, to our mind, are those about the performing elephant Lizzie. On one occasion an accident to a naphtha lamp bathed this animal's back in flames. "Children, knocked down in the stampede for the exit, lay spreadeagled and terror-stricken on the ground, but, incredible as it may seem, that agonized animal in her demented plungings took the utmost care to avoid treading on them." We are happy to say that Lizzie recovered and lived for many years. Those who note the amiable and genial spirit apparent throughout Mr. Bostock's book will give full credit to his assurance that, so far as his own experience goes, the training of animals for public performances is invariably done by kindness.

In Search of Our Ancestors. By Mary E. Boyle. With a Preface by the Abbé Henri Breuil. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THIS book arrives at an opportune moment. During the past few weeks various pronouncements have been made at *cathedra* on this fascinating subject, and the attention of an inquiring multitude is once again fixed on this most baffling and perplexing of all questions. In this book Miss Boyle covers a wide field. Beginning with the Christian era, she leads us back by paths, often circuitous and strange, to the faintly-scratched records of minute creatures which have left little behind them but the bare fact of existence. But there is much to engage our attention on the way. We read of peoples and schools of art and culture; of the most primitive attempts to add to the amenities of life, and how, from the bare utilitarian models, the craving of the heart for beauty of form and colour produced miracles of loveliness in many instances impossible of attainment to-day.

Miss Boyle makes no claim to have answered the many questions which crowd upon the explorer in this dim country. "From where did they come?" she asks of that highly civilized but mysterious people—the Etruscans. Where did they learn their intricate social system? How is it that their language—which still defies all efforts to read it—shows no affinity with any other known tongue? Miss Boyle has unfolded her story in a simple and direct manner. The reader is assisted by excellent reproductions in colour and many other illustrations, and the Abbé Henri Breuil contributes a striking and characteristic Preface.

F. Roderich-Stoltheim

THE RIDDLE OF THE JEW'S SUCCESS.

Translated from the German by Capel Pownall.

288 Pages. Price, post free, bound in cloth 7s. 6d.
Paper cover 6s.

If there are riddles in the history of the nations, then the Jews most certainly present one of the chief instances; and, whoever has occupied himself with the problems of humanity, without advancing so far as the great problem of the Jews, has, so far as knowledge and experience of life are concerned, merely skimmed the surface of the subject. There is scarcely a field, from Art and Literature to Religion and Political Economy, from Politics to the most secret domains of sensuality and criminality, in which the influence of the Jewish spirit and of the Jewish entity cannot be clearly traced, and has not imparted a peculiar warp or trend to the affairs in question. It is, in this respect, that the present book furnishes disclosures.

Obtainable from

"The Hammer Publications"

c/o The Britons

40 Great Ormond St., London, W.C.1

and at all the leading book shops.

HAMMER - VERLAG. LEIPZIG.

OCTOBER THE QUARTERLY REVIEW 7s. 6d.

THE CHARACTERS OF NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON COMPARED. By Algernon Cecil

THE SOLUTION OF THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM. By the Hon. Mr. Justice Marshall

AGRICULTURE IN 1927. By S. L. Bensusan

THE MYSTERY OF STRATEGY. By Lieut.-Col. F. E. Whitton, C.M.G.

MUSIC AND THE PLAIN MAN. By George Sampson

THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE. By G. M. Sargeant

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF INTERNATIONAL LABOUR LEGISLATION. By G. A. Johnston

THE INDIAN PRINCES AND THE REFORMS. By Stanley Rice

THE JULY REVOLT IN VIENNA.

THEORIES OF CIVILIZATION. By H. St. L. B. Moss

EMPIRE DEFENCE. By Major-General Sir Geo. Aston, K.C.B.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SALE

Aristophanes's *Lysistrata*. Illustrated by Norman Lindsay. Privately printed. N.D. As new. £3 13s. 6d.

Blake's Works. Edited by Ellis and Yeats. 3 vols. 1893. £25.

Boschère Illustrated Books. Complete set. 4 vols. 1923-6. £7 5s.

Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons. Extra illustrated with 350 contemporary engravings. 4 vols. 1834. £20.

Hardy (Thomas). *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. L.P. Signed copy. As new. 1926. £10 10s.Milne (A. A.). *Winnie the Pooh*. L.P. Signed copy. As new. 1926. £5 5s.

Lord Lytton's Novels. Nice set. 28 vols. £3 3s.

Ruskin (John). *Modern Painters*. *Stones of Venice*. Seven Lamps. 10 vols. 1888. (Pub. £15). £6.Schmitz. *Encyclopædia of Furniture*. Scarce. 1926. £2 5s.Shaw (G. B.). *Saint Joan*. Illustrated by Ricketts. L.P. As new. £5 5s.

WANTED

De Quincey's *Opium Eater*. 1822.Keats's *Life and Letters*. 2 vols. 1848.Shaw (G. B.). *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*. 1898.

GREVILLE WORTHINGTON,

BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

A SELECTION FROM

METHUEN'S NEW BOOKS

Autumn, 1927

Hills of Blue

A Picture Roll of Chinese History from far Beginnings to the Death of Chi'en Lung, A.D. 1799. By A. E. GRANTHAM. Illustrated. 25s. net.

Modern Oxford

The third and final volume of SIR CHARLES MALLET'S "History of the University of Oxford." Illustrated. 21s. net.

When Squires and Farmers Thrived

Memories of the Eighteen-Seventies. By A. G. BRADLEY, author of "Exmoor Memories." Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

A History of England from the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the Present Century

By HILAIRE BELLOC. In Five Volumes. Vol. III. 15s. net.

A Fronded Isle, and Other Essays

By E. V. LUCAS. 6s. net.

"The More I See of Men—": Stray Essays on Dogs

By E. V. LUCAS. 3s. 6d. net.

The Goldfish

By ROBERT LYND. ("Y. Y.") 5s. net.

Awful Occasions

By "EVOE" (E. V. Knox). 5s. net.

On Straw: and Other Conceits

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS. 3s. 6d. net.

Misleading Cases

By A. P. HERBERT. With an Introduction by Lord HEWART, Lord Chief Justice of England. 5s. net.

The Joy of Life

An Anthology of Lyrics drawn chiefly from the works of living poets. By E. V. LUCAS. 6s. net. Leather 7s. 6d. net.

Rebound

A Volume of Drawings. By H. M. BATEMAN. 10s. 6d. net.

Fun and Fantasy

A Volume of Drawings. By ERNEST H. SHEPARD. 10s. 6d. net.

Now we are Six

By A. A. MILNE. Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD. 7s. 6d. net.

The Pioneers of Wireless

By ELLISON HAWKS. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.

A CHOICE OF NEW FICTION

Order these from your bookseller or library.

THE BACCHANTE AND THE NUN

ROBERT HICHENS

DAPHNE'S IN LOVE NEGLEY FARSON

WILD ORCHARD DAN TOTTEROCH

THE CORPSE ON THE BRIDGE

CHARLES BARRY

GOOD CONDUCT GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

THE CASSIODORE CASE

A. RICHARD MARTIN

THE DUSTY ANGEL LADY TROUBRIDGE

THE OUTLAW OF TORN

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING SIR JOHN ADYE

BONAVENTURE H. C. BAILEY

METHUEN & CO., LTD.,
36 Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

TOLSTOY. By Hugh l'Anson Fausset. Cape. 12s. 6d.
"The inner drama" of Tolstoy's life is Mr. Fausset's concern.

LECTURES ON DEAD AUTHORS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By E. H. Lacon Watson. Benn. 7s. 6d.

By the author of 'The Unconscious Humorist,' 'Lectures to Living Authors,' etc.

THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD. By William Ralph Inge. Longmans. 6s.

The subjects of these essays include the present condition of the Church of England, the Quakers, Hellenism in Christianity, Science and Theology.

ENGLISH BOOKS. 1475-1900. By Charles J. Sawyer and F. J. Harvey Darton. Sawyer. 2 Volumes. 42s.

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. Macmillan. 17s.

A SERIES OF PAPERS ON SHAKESPEARE AND THE THEATRE. By Members of the Shakespeare Association. Milford: Oxford University Press. 16s.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By Joseph Gordon Macleod. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

WARREN HASTINGS' LETTERS TO SIR JOHN MACPHERSON. Edited by Henry Dodwell. Faber and Gwyer. 15s.

One hundred hitherto unpublished letters, written by Warren Hastings to his friend John Macpherson, covering events in India from 1775 to 1787. The editor is an exceptional authority on the period.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ORGANISED AIR POWER. By J. M. Spaight. Longmans. 17s. 6d.

A history of the Air Ministry. The air organizations of France, Germany and the United States are also examined. There is some novel information in the chapter on air strength at the time of the armistice.

AFT—FROM THE HAWSEHOLE. By Lt.-Commander H. D. Capper. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

A study of changes in the conditions of service, by a writer who worked his way up from the bottom.

THE SEVEN STRINGS OF THE LYRE: THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND. 1804-1876. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Heinemann. 15s.

By the author of 'Benjamin Constant.'

BRITISH DOCUMENTS ON THE ORIGINS OF WAR, 1898-1914. Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. Volumes I and II. His Majesty's Stationery Office. 10s. 6d. each.

THE ARMY AND SEA POWER. By Major R. B. Pargiter and Major H. G. Eady. Benn. 10s. 6d.

HELLENISTIC CIVILISATION. By W. W. Tarn. Arnold. 16s.

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION. By Donald A. Mackenzie. Blackie. 12s. 6d.

FOOTPRINTS OF EARLY MAN. By Donald A. Mackenzie. Blackie. 5s.

PASCAL: THE MAN AND THE MESSAGE. By Roger H. Soltau. Blackie. 10s. 6d.

DR. CHARLES BURNLEY'S CONTINENTAL TRAVELS. 1770-1772. Compiled by Cedric Howard Glover. Blackie. 10s. 6d.

THE BLACK BOOK OF EDGEWORTHSTOWN AND OTHER EDGEWORTH MEMORIES. 1585-1817. Edited by Harriet Jessie Butler and Harold Edgeworth Butler. Faber and Gwyer. 18s.

TRIAL OF ADELAIDE BARTLETT. Edited by Sir John Hall. Edinburgh: Hodge ("Notable British Trials" Series). 10s. 6d.

THEOLOGY

WHAT I BELIEVE. (I) I BELIEVE IN GOD. By A. Maude Royden; (II) THE BELIEF OF CATHOLICS. By R. A. Knox; (III) RELIGION WITHOUT REVELATION. By J. S. Huxley. Benn. (I) and (II) 7s. 6d. each. (III) 8s. 6d.

Three volumes of a series designed to express what typical contemporary thinkers personally believe.

THE IMPATIENCE OF A PARSON. By H. R. L. Sheppard. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

TRANSLATIONS

THREE STORIES: FORTUNES IN THE FIRE, by Crebillon, fils; **A TALE OF FELICITY,** by the Abbé de Voisenon; **ARSACE AND ISMENIE,** by Montesquieu. Translated by Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. Routledge (The Broadway Library of Eighteenth-century French Literature). 10s. 6d.

Three representative stories. Voisenon is comparatively little known in England, despite Voltaire's often cited epitaph, but he was typical of his period. The story by Montesquieu is an example of the Oriental fable so sedulously cultivated by French writers of his generation, perhaps not much more than a curiosity, but with its interest as such.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE TO HER DAUGHTER AND HER FRIENDS. Selected by Richard Aldington. Routledge. 2 Volumes. 21s. the set.

ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by Elizabeth Sharp. Foulis. 6s.

YVETTE AND OTHER STORIES. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Marjorie Laurie. Laurie. 7s. 6d.

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MYSTICS. By Joseph Maréchal. Translated by Algar Thorold. Burns and Oates. 10s. 6d.

THEOCRITUS. The Second and Seventh Idylls Translated into English Verse by Charles Stuart Calverley. The Bodley Head. 2s.

MARGUERITE AND COUNT MORIN DEPUTY, together with **ALFRED DE VIGNY, and THE PATH OF GLORY.** By Anatole France. Translations by J. Lewis May and Alfred Allinson. The Bodley Head. 2s. 6d.

THE REVERIES OF A SOLITARY. By Jean Jacques Rousseau. Translated by John Gould Fletcher. Routledge (The Broadway Library of Eighteenth-century French Literature). 10s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF THE CAVE OF TREASURES. Translated from the Syriac Text by Sir E. A. Wallis Budge. The Religious Tract Society. 10s. 6d.

FORM IN GOTHIC. By Wilhelm Worringer. Edited by Herbert Read. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

MAN AND SUNLIGHT. By Hans Suren. Translated by David Arthur Jones. Slough: The Sollux Publishing Company. 6s. Post free, 6s. 5d.

THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER HERZEN. Volume VI. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. Chatto and Windus. Cloth 3s. 6d. Leather 5s.

VERSE AND DRAMA

THE BEST POEMS OF 1927. Selected by Thomas Moul. Cape. 6s.

ENGLAND RECLAIMED. By Osbert Sitwell. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

THE THREE WHARTONS: A CHOICE OF THEIR VERSE. Edited by Eric Partridge. The Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

SONGS FOR MICHAEL. By Fred E. Weatherley. Heath Cranton. 4s. 6d.

VENETIAN POEMS. By Percy Pinkerton. Walker. 3s.

A POETRY BOOK FOR CHILDREN. Compiled by A. Watson Bain. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

ADONAIS. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. The Bodley Head. 2s.

THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS. By Romer Wilson. Benn. 6s. and 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Prince D. S. Mirsky. **A HISTORY OF CHINA.** By W. E. Soothill. **THE PAPACY.** By A. L. Maycock. **ENGLISH LITERATURE.** By C. H. Herford. **FRENCH LITERATURE.** By Maurice Baring; **MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME.** By Jane Harrison; **THE STARS.** By George Forbes; **MAN IN THE MAKING.** By R. R. Marett; **SIR ISAAC NEWTON.** By V. E. Pullin; **THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.** By C. C. Martindale; **TRADE.** By Ernest J. P. Benn; **NELSON.** By Sir George Aston. Benn's Sixpenny Library.

Additions to an excellent series, which already covers a wide variety of subjects, and which is remarkably cheap.

GREAT DETECTIVES AND THEIR METHODS. By George Dilnot. Bles. 16s.

FILMS: FACTS AND FORECASTS. By L'Estrange Fawcett. Bles. 21s.

FICTION

RED SKY AT MORNING. By Margaret Kennedy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

FLAMINGO. By Mary Borden. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

A MODERN ADAM. By Lilian Clifford. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

MISS TORROBIN'S EXPERIMENT. By Horace Anneley Vachell. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

BY REQUEST. By Ethel M. Dell. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

A GIRL ADORING. By Viola Meynell. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

THE NUPTIALS OF CORBAL. By Rafael Sabatini. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

BLACK RIVER. By Neville Brand. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

WHISPERING LODGE. By Sinclair Murray. Murray. 7s. 6d.

THE KEYS OF HEAVEN. By J. W. Broadwood. Alston Rivers. 7s. 6d.

THE LATER YEARS. By Barry Pain. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

THE LIMPING SHERIFF. By Arthur Preston Hankins. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

CICELY DISAPPEARS. By A. Monmouth Platts. Long. 7s. 6d.

THE BODY SNATCHERS. By Collin Brooks. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THE WORLD OF BILLIAM WISSOLD. By A. A. M. Thomson. Hurst and Blackett. 2s. 6d.

WHEAL DARKNESS. By H. D. Lowry and C. A. Dawson Scott. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THE PRICELESS HERITAGE. By Mary Forrester. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

OLIVER QUENDON'S FIRST CASE. By Cowdray Browne. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

UNCLE TOM PUDD. By Laurence Housman. Cape. 6s.

C 3. By Ronald Gurner. Dent. 7s. 6d.

BROTHER JOHN. By Vida D. Scudder. Dent. 7s. 6d.

SIXTEEN TO FORTY. By A Woman of Temperament ("Marna"). Allan. 7s. 6d.

VESTAL FIRE. By Compton Mackenzie. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

SUNBEAM

*The
Supreme Car*

The Widest Choice in High-Grade Cars

16 h.p. Six-cylinder Chassis	£425	30 h.p. Eight-Cylinder Chassis	£1175
Touring Car	£550	Touring Car	£1395
Weymann Saloon	£695	Weymann Saloon	£1550
Coachbuilt Saloon	£695	35 h.p. Eight-Cylinder Chassis	£1375
20 h.p. Six-Cylinder Chassis	£595	Enclosed Limousine	£1975
Touring Car	£750	Enclosed Landalette	£1975
Coupe	£850	Three-litre Six-Cylinder Chassis	£950
Weymann Saloon	£875	Four-seater	£1125
Coachbuilt Saloon	£895	Weymann Saloon	£1250
25 h.p. Six-Cylinder Chassis	£795		
Touring Car	£950		
Weymann Saloon	£1150		
Enclosed Limousine	£1250		
Enclosed Landalette	£1275		

See the Sunbeam Exhibit at
OLYMPIA
Stand 127

October 13th—22nd

ORDERS ARE NOW BEING ACCEPTED FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

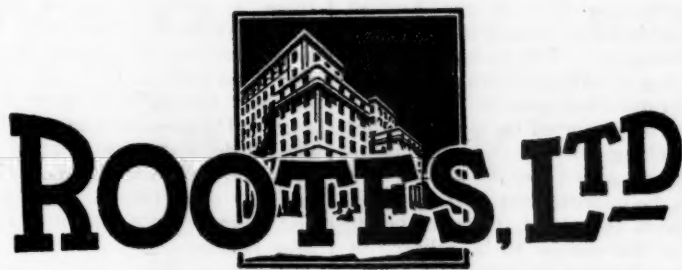


25 h.p. Six-cylinder Enclosed Limousine

FOR EARLY DELIVERIES CONSULT THE

SUNBEAM

SPECIALISTS



DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON

where a comprehensive range of these cars are always on view

We shall be pleased to arrange a trial run at your convenience, and to furnish particulars of our self-financed extended payments facilities

Particular interest is centred round the Sunbeam Chassis fitted with genuine Weymann Coachwork, for which Rootes Ltd. are the Sole Distributors in Great Britain and the Irish Free State

London Service Works, Lodge Place, Opposite "Lord's"

Branches: Maidstone, Dorking, Rochester, Wrotham, Birmingham (Geo. Heath, Ltd.)

MOTORING

THE MOTOR SHOW

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

WHEN the Motor Show opened, on Thursday, visitors to the exhibition at Olympia quickly discovered that though there were no great alterations in mechanical details, or in the prices of high-class automobile carriages, the popular production models were cheaper than at last year's exhibition, while considerably more equipment, and several improvements in chassis details, were given without extra charge. Besides the lower prices of the older models, in the production category, quite a number of new eight and nine horse-power cars appear here for the first time. All these new small cars look excellent value for the money; how they will prove themselves on the road remains to be seen, but ever since the public discovered how sure the Austin seven horse-power was in getting them to and fro, supreme confidence was established in the minds of the users that the small car can be thoroughly relied upon. Therefore, while of course a number of these are untried except by their manufacturers and test-drivers, one can expect them to run on the road as well as they look on the stands. As in all previous exhibitions organized by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, there are more foreign cars exhibited than British; out of ninety-eight stagings, on which cars are exhibited by their makers or agents of the maker, as sole concessionnaires for this country, there are only forty-three firms making cars in the United Kingdom who are showing at this twenty-first annual exhibition, the balance comprising twenty French varieties, seventeen American, seven Italian, five Belgian, two German and two Austrian. There are also two Canadian branches of General Motors showing; throwing in the whole British Empire, therefore, it only brings the total up to forty-five British, as compared with fifty-three car importers.

* *

In regard to the chief mechanical novelties, the increased use of the Dewandre vacuum braking system is a typical feature. Europe seems to have adopted this generally, and British cars in particular, as with one exception all the chassis built in the English factories have either mechanical servo type brakes or the vacuum style of Dewandre. The exception is the new Vauxhall, which has Lockheed hydraulic brakes. These oil-acting decelerators will also be found on a large number of American imported cars, who rather favour the form of braking which relies entirely on keeping the tubes through which the oil is conveyed free from leaks. With the improvement in the general road surfaces throughout the world, there is better chance for all details of the chassis to be relieved of certain stresses of this character by road shock, less vibration is set up, and so these tubes can be more relied upon to keep their joints sound. Another item in chassis construction which has been generally improved is the suspension or the methods of designing the springs. Makers who are searching for overseas trade have found that certain complaints have been made, justifiably, in regard to the springs of their vehicle, due, no doubt, to the easy roads on which they are tested, as compared with the execrable surfaces which can be experienced in the Dominions. Consequently one finds a large number of the cars staged at Olympia with stiffer springs and provided with snubbers or dampers which tend to reduce the periodicity of the flexing of the springs themselves and assist to absorb the road shock.

Women will discover at Olympia that the closed carriage costs much about the same price to-day as the open touring car, in some cases exactly the same, and generally only about ten to twenty pounds more when a fabric-covered body is provided in the form of a saloon. Actually, Olympia contains saloon cars costing as little as £145, up to over £2,000. This should further increase the popularity of motoring; the comfort of the saloon will attract many families of modest means, owing to the small first cost and capital expenditure, and the knowledge that they need not spend more than a pound to thirty shillings a week on their car. Novelties in coachwork are very easy to find at Olympia; there is quite a number of original designs which break away from all established conventional methods. There is the Airway saloon on the Lancia chassis, which is almost like an air-bomb in its torpedo pear-shaped outline, while the Observation car reminds one almost of the jaunting car of Dublin streets, except that the main cushions face the rear, somewhat like the observation coaches of the transatlantic railways of America. These two examples of the weird and wonderful carriage are exceedingly comfortable in their riding capacity. I have tried them both, so that I can vouch for the protection and comfort they give, although the style of the carriages is somewhat out of the ordinary.

* *

Open and closed carriages of the new improved type of all-weather coachwork, generally styled the "sunshine" saloon, are to be found in various parts of the exhibition. Some have sliding tops, which partially uncover the whole roof over the occupants, while others entirely remove the head, so that the travellers in the motor carriage have only the open sky above them. When this type of improved all-weather bodywork was first introduced, two or three years ago, these purpose-made carriages were rather costly; the cheapest form was only available to the owner who would pay about £500 to have it placed on a chassis, which, of course, had also to be paid for. Now, the very best type of these, such as Salmons and Sons' Tickford body, with its top which winds back completely, can be purchased at from £175 upwards. This will encourage motorists who wish for a double-purpose carriage (a rain and draught-proof saloon and an open-touring car in the same vehicle) to buy production chassis such as Austin, Morris-Cowley, Clyno and the like and have this Tickford all-weather body put on these, as the total cost is quite moderate, compared with what it was last year. "Sunshine" saloons also come into the regular programme of the production firms such as Bean and similar makers, so appear in their catalogue as part of their programme for 1928. The cost of these double-purpose carriages is very little more than that of the fixed head saloon, so that if one were inclined to indulge in prophesy, the ordinary open torpedo touring car is near its eclipse and disappearance, except to special order, in the very near future.

* *

There is a large number of new models making their first appearance at this exhibition, nearly all of which have one common distinguishing feature, which is the substitution of the magneto by coil and battery ignition. This is due to the great desire of the driving public, who are generally termed the owner-driver class of motorists, to change gear as little as possible and keep on the top gear as long as they can. Cause and effect in mechanical problems are often more closely connected than may appear at first glance, and this desire of top-gear driving is almost reducing the magneto manufacturers to distraction; they look like losing a large proportion of

BENTLEY MOTORS LTD.

beg to announce

THAT THE LATEST MODELS
ARE EXHIBITED ON

STAND 126 OLYMPIA

AND ON THE STANDS OF THE
LEADING COACHBUILDERS

PRICES FROM

3 - Litre Chassis	-	-	£895
4½-Litre Chassis	-	-	£1,050
6 - Cyl. Chassis	-	-	£1,575



BENTLEY MOTORS LIMITED,
Pollen House, Cork Street, London, W.1

their business. Older motorists will imagine that this is only temporary; this is not the first time in the short history of motoring that the coil and battery ignition has been the ruling style of spark making, being afterwards put into second place by the magneto, and no doubt we shall see these two forms changing place in favour time after time. Most of these new models have small six-cylinder engines, as this form of internal-combustion engine gives smoother running at slow engine speeds than motors with a lesser number of combustion chambers. It is now possible for the visitor to Olympia to buy a six cylinder engined car of thirteen horse-power rating up to fifty horse-power and an eight cylinder from twenty-one horse-power up to the same maximum. In fact multi-cylinder engines are fast becoming a popular fashion, irrespective of the price factor. At the present moment, the "double-six" fifty horse-power and thirty horse-power Daimler twelve cylinder engines are the aristocrats of this class of motor. This can be easily understood, as those who have driven in these cars find that they compare in smoothness of running to other multi-cylinder motors as the six cylinder car did to the early fours, so great is the improvement. But these, of course, are only available to the limited number of purchasers to whom price is no object. Consequently, it is the number of new and small six cylinder cars that the great majority of visitors who wish to purchase multi-cylinder motors will inspect with great interest.

*
* *

There is quite a number of eight cylinder cars to be seen at Olympia, ranging from the eight cylinder new Wolseley up to the gigantic and noble portions of the Isotta-Fraschini. The latter is a very well-known marque, and easily the best of the eight cylinder multi-motors. It is staged with various types of bodies, from the dignified State carriage to the sporting touring car capable of travelling on Continental roads at ninety miles an hour. In years gone by the difficulty of the designer was to provide a lubrication system which was adequate for the demand of the mechanism under high speeds and the general and even distribution of the gas mixture to the many cylinders. To-day, both of these troubles have been overcome, and it will be noticed by those who carefully inspect the multi-cylinder engined chassis at the Motor Show that two carburettors are provided and, in the case of the "double-sixes" or twelve cylinder types, two separate exhaust pipes are carried, to permit of the easier flow of the waste products of combustion. Lubrication of the chassis also has been greatly improved for the benefit of those motorists who do not employ paid mechanics to look after their cars. A central lubrication point is provided on quite a number of these, which consists of an oil container from which a series of pipes lead to the lubrication points of the mechanism and the oil itself can be pumped into each of the required spots in one action of the hand or foot of the driver. This is a great time-saving and trouble-eliminating device, which will be much appreciated. A good example is to be found on the stand where the range of Armstrong-Siddeley cars is to be found in the hall, as these have had this "one-shot" lubrication system, as it is styled, applied to them as their chief improvement for the new models.

*
* *

Ever since Charles Terres Weymann first introduced the flexible fabric covered body on the motor chassis, some three years ago, this style has been

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED.



HEAD OFFICE : LONDON, E.C. 3.

(30th June, 1927.)

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED	£73,302,076
CAPITAL PAID UP	- 15,810,252
RESERVE FUND	- 10,000,000
DEPOSITS, &c.	- 353,934,406
ADVANCES, &c.	- 202,417,661

The Bank has over 1,700 Offices in England and Wales, and several in India and Burmah.

The Bank also has Agents and Correspondents throughout the British Empire and in all parts of the World, and is closely associated with the following Banks:

The National Bank of Scotland Limited.
Bank of London & South America Limited.
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Ltd.
The National Bank of New Zealand, Limited.
Bank of British West Africa, Limited.
The British Italian Banking Corporation, Limited.



Halcyon PORTABLE WIRELESS RECEIVERS

For simplicity of operation and absolutely perfect reproduction, the 1927-28 5-valve Halcyon is unsurpassed. Outstanding results are obtained on short waves as well as long, and the new Daventry Junior alternative programme can be obtained clearly without any local interference.

"Perfect Reception without Aerial or Earth."

Hear the Halcyon demonstrated at Stand 60, "Vanity Fair" Exhibition, Holland Park, October 22—November 5th.

Price complete, including full equipment and Marconi Royalty, 32 guineas.

Please call, telephone, or write to Dept. S.R. for particulars.

THE HALCYON WIRELESS CO., LTD.,
110 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

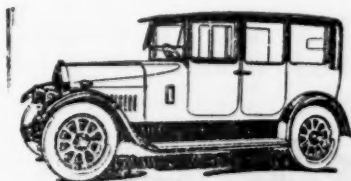
Telephone: KENSINGTON 6778

You must see the New Range at STAND No 70 OLYMPIA OCT. 13-22

where is staged a noteworthy selection from the Humber Range of Models for 1928. Intending owners who appreciate the high value associated with the Humber name will find it worth while to make a close inspection of these latest products of British Automobile Engineering.

NEW PRICES OPERATE FROM SEPT. 27th AND
DELIVERIES COMMENCE AT END OF OCTOBER.

	Model No. 1.	Model No. 2.		Model No. 1.	Model No. 2.
20/55 H.P. Six Cylinder.			9/20 H.P. Four Cylinder.		
5-Seater Tourer	£675	£635	2/3 Seater with dickey	£250	235
5-Seater Saloon	890	835	4-Seater Tourer	250	235
5/7 Seater Landaulette	900	—	4-Seater Saloon	300	280
			4-Seater Fabric Saloon	285	—
20/55 H.P. Six Cylinder on long wheelbase chassis.					
5/7 Seater Limousine	£995	935			
5/7 Seater Landaulette	995	935			
5/7 Seater Fabric Saloon	860	—			
5/7 Seater Fabric Limousine	875	—			
14/40 H.P. Four Cylinder.					
2/3 Seater with dickey	£440	—			
5-Seater Tourer	440	415			
4-Coupe with dickey	555	—			
5-Seater Saloon	555	520			
5-Seater Fabric Saloon	515	—			



Dunlop Tyres Standard.

The 20/55 h.p. and 14/40 h.p. Models have plate clutch, with brakes on all four wheels.

You will be welcome at Stand 70 but if you are unable to visit Olympia we will gladly send Catalogue containing complete specifications of all models.

Humber

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY

LONDON:

West End Showrooms: 94 New Bond Street, W.1

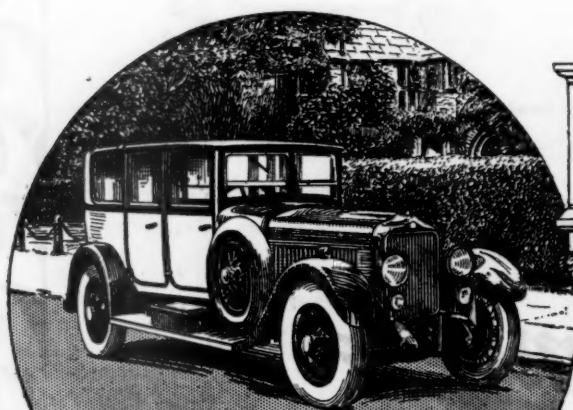
Export Branch Office: 32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1

Repair Works and Service Depot: Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6

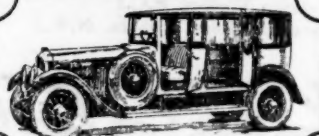
adopted by various other coachbuilders to cover the outer panels with a leather-like material instead of paintwork. At the present motor exhibition, a large number of fabric covered bodies are found, some of which are the genuine flexible type of Weymann, built under licence from, or by the original patentee, while others are of the rigid type, in which the fabric is used purely as an adornment to the aluminium sheets or thin steel pressed framework underneath. Therefore, there are three types of coachwork to be found at Olympia; the flexible fabric, the rigid fabric and the pressed steel cellulose painted body which has been adopted by the manufacturers who build a large number of cars each year, and the purpose-made older form of coachwork, which individual purchasers buy from the coachbuilder separately from the chassis. The three types are the standard production models, though many special Weymann fabric flexible bodies are also exhibited. These give an alternative to those motor car purchasers who want distinctive coachwork, not the ordinary purpose-built carriage with its highly painted and varnished panels.

Those who are already in possession of motor cars, which they intend to keep for the next twelve months, will find a number of interesting devices in the galleries at Olympia, which they can add to their cars to improve the comfort of driving and for the convenience of their passengers. For instance, there is a number of new types of adjustable seats, whose merit lies in permitting easier ingress and egress from the carriages, as well as their adjustment in the angle of the backs of the cushions and in the amount of leg room which they give to the occupants, whether as the driver or as an ordinary passenger.

There is also a number of new devices in wind-screen wipers, that clear a greater area of the front windscreen from the effects of mist, rain or snow, working by means of small electric motors, by the suction from the engine, or by being connected by a flexible shaft, like the speedometer, to the gear box and transmission. All the large tyre companies are represented, and this year these stands contain besides their ordinary high class first quality tyres a cheaper type of tyre, very suitable to the owner of a car which does not travel a great mileage each year, or is only used week-ends. Tyres, by the way, are mostly of the medium pressure type, now fitted as standard on the cars exhibited on the various stands, the full balloon type having lost a certain amount of popularity during the past twelve months. But, with the application of front wheel brakes on almost every car in the whole exhibition, together with the adoption of larger section tyres of medium pressure, the motor manufacturer has improved the steering mechanism to lighten the labour of the driver. At the same time, such improvements have tended to abolish any chance of wheel wobble taking place, when the cars are driven over cobblestones or rough road surfaces at speeds. Women are particularly well catered for, both in the appointments of the various carriages exhibited and in the absence of physical effort required to actuate gear levers, clutch pedals and brakes. Also, owing to the number of small cars exhibited at very low prices, many who are owners of the large coupé de villes or cabriolets—the two fashionable types of more expensive motors—will be encouraged to buy one or more of these smaller vehicles as tenders for their family when the bigger vehicles are not required. In fact, the whole exhibition is an encouragement to buy motors and add many thousands more to our highways during the next twelve months.



Here are three pictures of the Minerva New 32/34 h.p. Enclosed Drive Limousine. Note the pleasing lines of this, the latest addition to a famous range of cars.



Stand
129
Olympia

MINERVA
THE GODDESS OF AUTOMOBILES
80 Miles per Hour!

THAT is the speed easily attained by the Minerva New 32/34 h.p. Six Cylinder Car. It differentiates from the 1927 30 h.p. model inasmuch as, apart from minor refinements, the bore and stroke are increased to 95 x 140 respectively, the exhaust pipe is brought between the radiator and cylinder block and an oil refiner is fitted. This new 32/34 h.p. model marks the summit of achievement in powerful and silent sleeve valve engines.

ON VIEW AT OLYMPIA—STAND 129

32/34 H.P. 6 CYL. CHASSIS	£580
32/34 H.P. 6 CYL. ENCLOSED DRIVE LIMOUSINE (with sliding roof)	£1,325
20/24 H.P. 6 CYL. CHASSIS	£625
20/24 H.P. 6 CYL. ENCLOSED DRIVE LANDAULETTE	£1,075
12/18 H.P. 6 CYL. CHASSIS	£385
12/18 H.P. 6 CYL. STANDARD FABRIC COVERED SALOON	£485

MINERVA MOTORS LTD.

Minerva House, Chenies St., Tottenham Court Rd., LONDON, W.C.1
Phone: Museum 0040 (5 lines). Grams: "Citraconic, Phone, London."

THE CAR OF THE YEAR— AT A PRICE YOU NEVER EXPECTED

Matchless quality is responsible for the ever-growing demand for Austin cars, and the demand has made it possible to effect substantial reductions in price. No longer need you even consider accepting less than Austin excellence and performance. Take this opportunity of buying the finest Austin ever produced—at a lower price than you ever expected.

If you find the Austin stand at Olympia too crowded, remember that a full range of models and chassis can be seen at our London Showrooms, 479-483 Oxford Street. You are cordially invited to make use of our private car service which will run to and from Olympia throughout the show. Please ask for a service time-table.

See the full Austin range at Olympia

STAND 94

Austin
LONGBRIDGE
WORKS
BIRMINGHAM

LONDON SHOWROOMS:

479-483 Oxford Street, W.1 (Near Marble Arch)

Secure your copy of the *AUSTIN MAGAZINE*. At all Bookstalls, Bookshops and Newsagents, 112 pages, lavishly illustrated. 4d.

NEW PRICES:

7 h.p. models from	12 h.p. models from	20 h.p. models from
£135	£255	£425

16 H.P. "LIGHT SIX" (Delivery March, 1928) from **£355**

And for early

Austin

deliveries consult

ROOTES, LTD

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE,
PICCADILLY : LONDON,
where you are cordially invited
to inspect a comprehensive range
of Austin Cars.

Models from

£135 TO £675

Payments from under £4 per
month. Full particulars of
our Special "Austin" Self-
financed deferred payment
terms forwarded upon request

London Service Works:

LODGE PLACE, Opposite "Lord's."

BRANCHES:

MAIDSTONE, DORKING, ROCHESTER,
WROTHAM, BIRMINGHAM (Geo. Heath, Ltd.)

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

WHETHER the bulk of the business done on the London Stock Exchange is on behalf of investors or speculators is a point that is difficult to answer, particularly as nowadays the tendency of investors is to place their money in securities which in former days would have been looked on as speculations pure and simple. There is little doubt, however, that one subject predominates over all others where Stock Exchange matters are discussed to-day—British Celanese, and the question whether the price of the shares will rise. Unfortunately, as is frequently the case, the question that is most frequently asked is the hardest to answer. If I were asked whether British Celanese shares are worth their present price I should reply most emphatically—"No." If I were asked whether Dr. Dreyfus's estimate of profits for the latter end of next year will be fulfilled I should answer "No," because I think that in making these estimates the difficulties to be encountered in triplicating the plant have not been fully appreciated, and also no apparent allowance has been made for the fact that the margin of profits is likely to be pruned as the result of competition. But these would not answer the question as to whether the shares will rise. A share that was standing at under 2s. 6d. last year, and has this week been changing hands at over £6, may quite easily rise a few more pounds. At the same time, although I have the highest opinion of Dr. Dreyfus's capabilities both as a scientist and as financial magnate, I consider British Celanese shares highly speculative in existing circumstances. In my opinion no speculator, unless he realizes the great risk he is running, should buy British Celanese Ordinary shares. No investor should purchase British Celanese Preference unless he realizes he is acquiring a very speculative investment, and as to the debentures, while conceding that they have speculative possibilities in view of their conversion rights, I feel I would rather sell them at the handsome premium that will probably be ruling when dealings start, than buy them at the price at which they will be offered. It would be a great thing for this country if the British Celanese Corporation achieve the results estimated by its managing director. It will be a sad thing for the London Stock Exchange if in the future circumstances arise to show that the present boom had no justification.

GLANZSTOFF

While breathing words of caution with reference to British Celanese I feel justified in adopting an entirely different attitude towards the shares of another artificial silk company, the Glanzstoff. By the time these lines appear dealings will have started in Glanzstoff certificates on the London Stock Exchange. These certificates or units represent 1/15th of a share as dealt in on the Berlin Stock Exchange, and I strongly recommend them to investors in this country who are desirous of acquiring an interest in the artificial silk industry. I place Glanzstoff both as regards management and finance on a similar pedestal to Courtaulds. These units will prove very popular both with investors here and also with a large number of foreigners who will consider the opportunity too good to be missed of investing in a Company so well known to them, in sterling.

GAUMONT PICTURE CO.

It is interesting to note that after a long period of neglect the film industry is growing in popularity as a

medium for investment. Reference has been made here to the success of the British Industrial Film Company, and now attention is being turned to the Gaumont-British Picture Company shares. This Company offered its shares to the public on a prospectus in the ordinary manner, but at the time the public had not appreciated the fact that the film industry in this country was being established on a sound financial basis, and that vast picture theatres were very paying propositions, with the result that the underwriters were left with a large portion of the issue. The possibilities, however, of this Company are now being realized, with the result that the Ordinary shares which have a nominal value of 10s., are now in the neighbourhood of £1. I am informed that the amount available for these Ordinary shares for the current year should exceed 30%, and although it is improbable that so large a distribution will be made, the shares certainly appear very attractive at the present level.

ASSOCIATED BISCUITS

The Associated Biscuit Manufacturers Ltd., the Company which holds all the Ordinary shares of Peek Frean and Co., Ltd. and Huntley and Palmer's, Ltd., have remained a somewhat stationary market for several months. There has been more interest shown in these shares of late, and it would appear probable that the price is likely to appreciate. For the year ended March 31, 1927, dividends amounting to 15½% free of tax were paid, and at the present price, although this does not show an over-generous yield, the shares appear a sound investment in view of their future possibilities.

HUGGINS BREWERY

Reports of a very favourable nature reached me with reference to Huggins and Co., Ltd., the well-known brewers. These shares, which are standing in the neighbourhood of 66s. 6d., are expected to rise to well over £4 within the next six months.

CANADIAN PACIFICS

News has reached this country that Canada is enjoying a record harvest, with the result that considerably more interest is likely to be shown in Canadian Companies in the future. The pick of the Canadian investments, as frequently stated in these notes in the past, is the Canadian Pacific Railway, and I am glad to be able to report that these shares have risen substantially since chosen for special comment on the last Saturday in July. Of a meteoric nature has been the rise in the shares of another Canadian Company, the Abitibi Pulp and Paper, which are now standing at over \$125, a rise of some \$50 a share since mentioned here about a year ago.

ISLE OF THANET

My attention has been drawn to the Ordinary and Preference shares of the Isle of Thanet Electric Supply Company, Ltd. This Company, which supplies electric light to Margate, Broadstairs, Westgate and Birchington, also owns a system of electric tramways running through Ramsgate, Broadstairs and Margate. The prospects of the concern are very favourable. The Preference shares are entitled to a cumulative dividend of 6% per annum and after the Ordinary have received 6% in any one year the two classes of shares rank equally for any further distribution. The Ordinary shares received 3% for 1926, and I am informed that 6% can be expected for the current year. Both classes of shares appear attractive.

TAURUS



**Velvety
Smooth—
Quick—
Easy!**

Gillette is the most popular shaving service in the World. It has not only made hygienic self-shaving possible for millions of men, but it has converted the task of shaving into a treat—velvety smooth—quick—easy!

Obtainable from all Stores that cater for men.

New Improved Gillette Outfits, 21/- and upwards. Old type Gillette series, 2/6 and upwards. Gillette Blades in packets of 10 (20 shaving edges), 4/6. In packets of 5 (10 shaving edges), 2/3.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD.
184-188, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.



THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

is issuing a new Guaranteed Bonus Policy under its **SECURITY SYSTEM**, the newest development of Life Assurance. An annual guaranteed bonus of £2 10s. per cent. payable at death or maturity with guaranteed Surrender Values of both Sum Assured and BONUS.

EXAMPLE

of Policy for £100 effected by a man of 25 maturing at age 55:

Number of Premiums Paid	Amount of Premiums Paid	Amount of Sum Assured and Bonus (guaranteed)	Cash Value of Sum Assured and Bonus (guaranteed)
5 ...	£18 7 11	£112 10 0	£10 18 0
10 ...	£36 15 10	£125 0 0	£30 6 0
15 ...	£55 3 9	£137 10 0	£54 14 0
20 ...	£73 11 8	£150 0 0	£82 11 0
25 ...	£91 19 7	£162 10 0	£118 8 0
30 ...	£110 7 6	£175 0 0	£175 0 0

From the sixteenth year and onwards the guaranteed cash value is greater than the total premiums paid, the surplus increasing annually until in the 30th year the amount payable exceeds the amount paid by nearly 60%. The comparison is even more favourable when rebate of income tax is taken into account.

Write to-day for copy of Booklet "The Security System" "AE9," which gives full particulars of this splendid Policy. Nothing left to chance. Everything guaranteed

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON ESTABLISHED 1825 DUBLIN
110 CANNON STREET E.C.4 59 DAWSON STREET
15, PALL MALL S.W. HEAD OFFICE 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK LIMITED

(Registered in Japan)
Head Office: Yokohama.
London Office: 7 Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

Capital Subscribed - Yen 100,000,000
Capital Paid Up - Yen 100,000,000
Reserve Fund - Yen 96,500,000

The NINETY-FIFTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders was held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on the 10th September, 1927, when the Directors submitted the following Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank and the Profit and Loss Account for the Half-Year ended 30th June, 1927, which was duly approved.

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.			
		Y.	Y.
Capital	100,000,000.00	
Reserve Fund	92,500,000.00	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	4,373,382.19	
Notes in Circulation	7,304,582.27	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, etc.)	605,617,445.74	
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances and other Sums due by the Bank	409,654,638.98	
Dividends Unclaimed	25,345.25	
Balance of Profit and Loss brought forward from last Account	...	6,142,357.99	
Net Profits for the past Half-year	9,036,687.46	
		Yen 1,234,554,659.88	
ASSETS.			
		Y.	Y.
Cash Account—			
In Hand	33,470,834.64	
At Bankers	41,141,627.79	
Investments in Public Securities and Debentures	962,427,622.89	
Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, etc.	361,060,572.97	
Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank	512,661,788.97	
Bullion and Foreign Money	4,395,600.36	
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, etc.	19,366,612.24	
		Yen 1,234,554,659.88	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

DR.			
		Y.	Y.
To Reserve Fund	4,000,000.00	
To Dividend—			
yen 5.00 per Share for 1,000,000 Shares	5,000,000.00	
To Balance carried forward to next Account	6,179,045.45	
		Yen 15,179,045.45	
CR.			
		Y.	Y.
By Balance brought forward 31st December, 1926	6,142,357.99	
By Net Profit for the Half-year ended 30th June, 1927	9,036,687.46	
(After making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Rebate on Bills, etc.)			
		Yen 15,179,045.45	



**You will find it a
better smoke.**

IF the tobacco you are smoking at present does not give you complete satisfaction, try Player's Navy Mixture.

It is a skilful blend of the finest tobaccos, and is so carefully matured and manufactured that every pipeful offers you the utmost satisfaction and charm.

**Try PLAYER'S
NAVY MIXTURE**

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 291

TWO WARBLERS, DIFFERING IN THEIR VOCAL POWERS,
BOTH HEARD QUITE OFTEN IN OUR WOODS AND BOWERS.
HARSH-NOTED ONE, THE OTHER MOST MELODIOUS.

1. "Buried in that!"—Narcissa thought it odious.*
2. Curtail who whined what time the cat mewed thrice.
3. Behead what those must bring whom parsons splice.
4. Watchword of him who fell, by King forsaken.
5. In us his zeal may fervent feelings waken.
6. Of various flavour, cold, in Naples known.
7. By me your fields are ploughed, your corn is sown.
8. Through this, King David sang, his bones grew old.
9. Behead a port the Portugals still hold.
10. A Spanish peeler—dare we not so call him?
11. "And he who breaks it, may ill-luck befall him!"

* Pope, *Moral Essays*. ** Shakespeare.

Solution of Acrostic No. 289

A	nvi	L ¹	1	Du musst herrschen und gewinnen,
U	mbrell	A		Oder dienen und verlieren,
C	olchicu	M ²		Leiden oder triumphieren,
T	y	Balt ³		Amboss oder Hammer sein.
I	mpalpabl	E	2	Colchicum is a specific for the gout. Col-
O	ccul	T		chicum autumnale, the Autumn Crocus, is
N	isroc	H ⁴		popularly known as <i>Naked Lady</i> , because
B	ul	B		the blossoms stand alone, the leaves not
R	ide	R		appearing until spring.
fi	n	Is	3	Romeo and Juliet, iii, 1.
D	ividen	D	4	In th' assembly next upstood
G	uinea-pi	G		Nisroch, of principalities the prime.
E	radicat	E		— <i>Paradise Lost</i> , vi, 447

ACROSTIC No. 289.—The winner is H. M. Vaughan, Esq., 32 Victoria Street, Tenby, who has selected as his prize 'Horace Walpole,' by D. M. Stuart, published by Macmillan, and reviewed by us on October 1. Eighteen other competitors chose this book, 14 named 'Cortes, the Conqueror,' 11 'Viscount Leverhulme,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Baldersby, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskeris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Miss Carter, C. C. J., Chailey, Cliffoney, Dhault, Reginald P. Eccles, Hanworth, Iago, Jeff, Jerboa, John Lennie, Mrs. A. Lole, Madge, Martha, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Miss Mildred White, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—R. B. J. Binnie, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Rev. H. F. B. Compston, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, D. L., Estela, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Jop, Kirkton, Lilian, Margaret, Miss J. F. Maxwell, Peter, Rand, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Sir Reginald Egerton, Miss H. F. Haig, Lt.-Colonel Sir Wolseley Haig, Met, Oakapple. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 288.—Correct: John Lennie, C. J. Warden. Two Lights Wrong: Coque.

OUR 21ST QUARTERLY COMPETITION. After Round 6 the leaders are: John Lennie, Madge, Margaret, C. J. Warden, Jeff, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Martha, Oakapple, Peter, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. J. Butler, Mrs. Ruth Carrick, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, J. Chambers, D. L., Gay, Iago, N. O. Sellam, Sisyphus, St. Ives.

ACROSTIC No. 289.—Correct: Armadale, Polamar, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Trieke.
TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Chip.

HEARING IN A BUTTON!

None of the inconveniences of deafness need be yours—no isolation, no conspicuousness, no hands to ear, no trumpets or large instruments to hold, no nerve strain with the **NEW "ARDEnte" BUTTON**

You hear true-to-tone at all angles and ranges, hands are free—even whispers distinct! The only individual and uncopyable method, "ARDEnte" is entirely different and guaranteed. Whether "Hard of Hearing" or very deaf (head-noises) "ARDEnte" gives hearing for conversation, music, wireless, public and school work, church, etc.

None too young, too old, too rich, too poor, too sceptical, too deaf (or not deaf enough), ALL CAN HEAR THE "ARDEnte" WAY.

CALL for consultation without fee or obligation and discuss your hearing, or write for details and Medical Reports.

Free Home Tests arranged

309, Oxford St., London, W.1
(Between Oxford Circus and Bond St.)

MAYFAIR 1380/1718

Cardiff, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle and Glasgow.

M^R H^DENT'S
ARDEnte
FOR DEAF EARS

NATIONAL REVIEW

Edited by L. J. Maxse.

October, 1927.

Episodes of the Month

The United States and Mexico—A Strange Silence

By Captain FRANCIS McCULLAGH

Policies and Problems in an African Colony

By Brig.-Gen. Sir GORDON GUGGISBERG, K.C.M.G.

Does it Pay to Save Money?

By HAMILTON FYFE

The Lemming

By Miss FRANCES PITT

The South African Drama

By TRAVELLER

Some Further Reflections of a Would-be Diplomat

By the Hon. ARNOLD KEPPEL

A New Theory of the Flight of Birds

By Commander B. ACWORTH, D.S.O., R.N.

The Last Adversary of Tartuffe

By BAMPTON HUNT

Science and Religion

By J. ARTHUR HILL

Scandinavia Revisited—Denmark

By Lieut.-Col. NEWMAN CRAIG, D.S.O.

"Aerial Antics"

By L. J. MAXSE

Price 3s. net

8 JOHN ST., ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

LONDON AND ENVIRONS. By SIR E. T. COOK
30 Maps and Plans, 80 Illustrations.
6th Edition - 10/-

"A brilliant book."—*The Times*. "Particularly good."—*Academy*.
"The best handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

60 Illustrations, Maps and Plans, 100 Illustrations, Maps and Plans,
7/6 - NORTH WALES 7/6 DEVON AND CORNWALL

60 Illustrations, Maps and Plans, 100 Illustrations, Maps and Plans,
6/- FRENCH AND ITALIAN 4/- WEST SWITZERLAND

RIVIERA AND CHAMONIX (FRANCE)

BERNE, THE BERNESE OBER- LAKE OF GENEVA, RHONE
LAND AND LUCERNE - 2/- VALLEY, AND ZERMATT 2/-

2/- THE FRENCH RIVIERA 2/- THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

2/- - PARIS, LYONS AND RHONE VALLEY - 2/-

2/- - Illustrations, Maps - 2/- 2/- - Illustrations, Maps - 2/-

ZURICH AND THE ENGADINE ST. MORITZ, DAVOS AND PONTRESINA

2/6 MOTOR-CAR HANDBOOK & THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD

A Handbook to the Leading Hotels throughout the World.

Llangollen—Darlington. London—Simpkin's. Paris and

New York—Brentano's. Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

A Security which does not Depreciate

Endowment Assurance provides a means of saving which for convenience and advantage is unequalled. Endowment Assurance is Life Assurance combined with Investment.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1.

All Classes of Insurance Business Transacted.

Kinemas

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

Daily from 2 to 10.45 (Sunday, from 6 to 10.30. New Programme)
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. October 17, 18 and 19

EVELYN BRENT and WILLIAMS POWELL in
"LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE"

ASTRID HOLM in
"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE"

Thursday, Friday and Saturday. October 20, 21 and 22

CEDRIC HARDWICKE and GERTRUDE McCOY in
The Glorious History of "NELSON"

MADGE KENNEDY and LITTLE BILLY in
"OH, BABY!" etc.

SHISHTL'S COMICAL WONDERETTES; also
NOVELLI, the Famous Italian Singer

Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL

The Fauna of British India Including Ceylon and Burma

Published under the authority of the Secretary of State
for India in Council.

Medium 8vo, with 7 coloured plates and 71 text illustrations

BIRDS. Vol. 4 (Second Edition) £1 : 10s.

LONDON: TAYLOR & FRANCIS,
Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C. 4

Literary

TYPEWRITING.—Miss S. Ruth Speakman, 12 Buckingham
Street, Strand, W.C.2. Gerrard 6179. Reports duplicated
at reasonable charges.

TYPEWRITING.—Author's MSS. 10d. per 1,000 words,
carbon copy 3d. 1,000 words. Prompt and accurate work.
Translations and duplicating.—Marion Young H., 7a Station
Road, Balham, S.W.12.

PROMPT, EFFICIENT TYPING guaranteed (R.S.A.
Certificate). 1s., 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. Circulars,
Price Lists, etc., 3s. 6d., 50; 5s., 100 copies. Miss C.
Foley, Craignair, Renters Avenue, N.W.4.

Appeal

S.T. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor
parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots,
or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St.
Mary's Vicarage, Edmonton, N.

'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 15.10.1927

Allen & Unwin
Bale, Sons & Danielsson
Basil Blackwell
Burns, Oates & Wash-
bourne
Chapman & Hall
Collins
Crosby Lockwood
Dent
Fisher Unwin
Foulis
Grant Richards
Gyldenal

Harrap
Heinemann
Herbert Jenkins
Hodder & Stoughton
Hodge
Hurst & Blackett
Hutchinson
Jarrold
Kegan Paul
Macmillan
Melrose
Mills & Boon

Murray
Nash & Grayson
Odham's Press
Putnam's
Routledge
Sampson Low
Selwyn & Blount
S.P.C.K.
Stanley Paul
The Bodley Head
Ward, Lock
Werner Laurie

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

Shipping

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s
Passenger and Freight Services.
Under Contract with H.M. Government

**MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA**

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14 Cockspur Street,
London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business, 123 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & Co., 129 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.

Miscellaneous

COALS!! COALS!! COALS!!

Temporary cut price for Deep Kitchen, Hand Picked and
Hand Stacked Large Coal, 16s. per ton, at pit truck loads.
Stock now, Share a Truck.

Truck loads direct anywhere to any Station.
Anthracite for Central Heating, COKE.
Get it at Farrar's.

Address—WM. D. FARRAR, Dept. S,
Colliery Offices, Leckhampton, Glos.
Telephone: 2220 Cheltenham.

COAL.—Trucks to any Station (five to ten tons as
required). Best House Coal, 17s. pit; Kitchen Cobbles,
15s.; Best Coke, 17s.; SemAnthracite Nuts, 23s.—Buckle
Colliery Co., 139 Hales, Cheltenham.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Popular Composer is prepared to consider good Snappy Song
Lyrics with a view to arranging Music for immediate publica-
tion. Known or unknown Authors invited to submit MSS.
—Box 870, "Composer," Fulwood House, High Holborn,
London, W.C.1.

STEWART'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.

Piccadilly Mansions, Piccadilly Circus, W.1, undertake
confidential inquiries and detective work of all descriptions,
whether in connection with DIVORCE, BLACKMAIL,
SECRET WATCHINGS, or other annoyance. Ref. LEADING
SOLICITORS. Consultations free. T. A. Aston, M.B.E.,
Principal.—Phone Regent 3294.

TURKISH DELIGHT.—Genuine imported. Contains
almonds, etc. Glorious flavour, great delicacy. Original
tin boxes of 1 kilo (2lb. 3ozs.) 5s. post free; half kilo 2/9.
—Hughes, 13 Church Street, Peterborough.

PRIME SCOTCH BEEF and LAMB DIRECT from SCOT-
LAND.—Sirloins 1s. 6d. per lb.; rib, roasts, 1s. 4d.; rolled
roasts, 1s. 5d.; topsides, 1s. 4d.; salt round, 1s. 4d.; legs
lamb, 1s. 6d.; forequarters, 1s. 2d.; raised shoulders, 1s. 4d.;
carriage paid.—Laing, Butcher, Dumfries.

REJUVENATION WITHOUT OPERATION.—Look ten
years younger. London Specialist's accepted formula.
Wrinkles, grey hairs, brittle nails, face blemishes, banished
by a wonderful food in Tablet form. Gives increased intellectual
lucidity and bodily vigour. Causes new hair to grow.
Guaranteed harmless. Particulars free. Write Specialist (1st
floor), 65A, Oxford Road, Manchester.

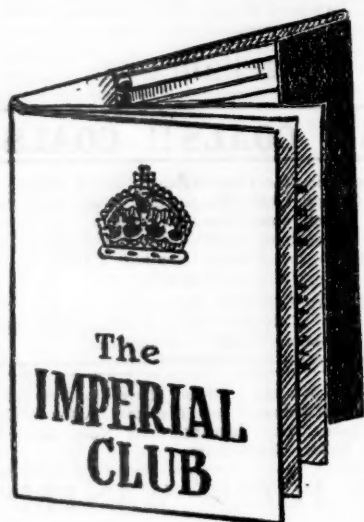
BROOKS'S BREATHLETS.—Taken after eating, drinking,
or smoking, instantly destroy all aroma. Leave the breath
refreshingly clean and sweet. Free Sample Packet, 1½d.
stamp.—65A, Oxford Road, Manchester.

"THE RELIGION OF A UNITARIAN" given post free.
—Miss Barmby, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

GRESHAM COLLEGE, Basinghall St., E.C.2
FOUR LECTURES will be delivered by Professor Foster
Watson, D.Litt., on "Early Scholar Publishers." Tuesday,
October 18, "The English William Caxton"; Wednesday,
October 19, "The Parisian Josse Bade"; Thursday, October 20,
"The Venetian Aldus Manutius"; Friday, October 21, "John
Froben of Basle." Lectures, free, begin at 6 o'clock p.m.

THOUSANDS of Sufferers have proved that DR. JENNER'S
REMEDY Cures Constipation. *Why Suffer?* Send for
particulars and free sample from Jones, Chemist,
(93) Bournemouth.

Use Booklet Matches



The Ideal Club Match

The handiest and best of these are The British Booklet Matches

They are made up in a very attractive packet for the pocket—neat, compact and suitable for all purposes and occasions for use by both sexes.

They are made in three sizes in quantities of 5,000 and upwards for your own distribution with your own message, and the cost is extremely small.

We also have a special scheme for match Booklets in handsome leather cases . . . an acceptable gift to either sex.

AN ALL BRITISH PRODUCT

Write for full particulars:—

BRITISH BOOKLET MATCHES LIMITED,
NEVILLE ROAD, UPTON PARK, E. 7

Phone: GRANGEWOOD 1895

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

1/-

October, 1927.

1/-

Correspondence—Chinese Nationalism

The White Armies: In Russia and Later
GENERAL BARON WRANGEL

The Way of Salvation for Ireland "PAT"

Mines Nationalization E. T. GOOD

Alien Immigration to Canada "ARVIC"

Notes from Paris

Socialism—Retrospect and Prospect
SIR PATRICK FAGAN

Britain's declining Trade G. H. LEPPER

Women at Oxford DR. JOSEPH WELLS

Modern Rugby Football UNITED SERVICES

Polyphemus C. B. ARMSTRONG

Poem—Post Mortem LAURENCE HOUSMAN

"Says Sergeant Murphy" A. P. GARLAND

First Fruits HORACE SHIPP

STORIES { **The Birthday** JANE H. FINDLATER
The Allotment ROSALIND WEBSTER

POETRY—THEATRE—BOOKS

Annual Subscription: 14/- post free.
Published by THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911), LTD., 4 Dean's Yard,
Westminster, S.W.1.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Edited by H. M. Swanwick

OCTOBER ISSUE.

The British Empire and the Others

By THE EDITOR

Oil and the Arcos Raid By FRANCIS DELAISI

Ireland Now By LOUIE BENNETT

Indian Self-Government By G. T. GARRATT

Kenya, Our Most Restless Dependency

By W. MCGREGOR ROSS

Mandates and Sovereignty

By JOHN H. HARRIS

An Arabian Cromwell By DR. HANS KOHN

Whither America

By F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, M.P.

A Visit to the Homes of Sacco and Vanzetti

By GERTRUDE WINSLOW

6d. Monthly of all Newsagents. Annual Subscription,
7s. in Europe; 8s. outside Europe.

To the Manager, *Foreign Affairs*,
34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

Please send me a copy of *Foreign Affairs*. I
enclose 6d.

Name

Address

S.R.